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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 13, 1975 50 cents

L.S. STAVRIANOS

The Promise of the Coming Dark Age

1976: A THIRD-PARTY YEAR?

Daniel A. Mazmanian

JOBS: THE KEY TO RECOVERY

V. Lewis Bassie

ON AMERICAN JUDGES Jon R. Waltz

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LETTERS

migrant labor camps

Provo, Utah.

Your editorial in the issue of May 31 on "The Young New Dealers" conveys implications regarding the role of "Beanie" Baldwin in the migrant labor camps that requires some clarification.

Without desiring to minimize the service he gave to this project, I must say that he was not responsible for its initiation. I became regional adviser for the states of Utah, Nevada, California and Arizona in December 1934. On my first visit to California, I met Dr. Paul S. Taylor and Dorothea Lange, both of whom had been appointed by FERA to work out ways of relieving the distress of the migrants. In early 1935 I took a station wagon tour with Paul Taylor and Dorothea Lange through the midland of California to the Mexican border, interviewing the migrants and observing conditions. Taylor had worked out a program for two camps to the extent of getting commitments from two counties . . . to provide land, and of course, from the California Emergency Relief Association to provide the labor to construct them. There was no money for materials.

Inasmuch as the FERA was sending funds each month to the state ERAs to finance the Rural Rehabilitation Corporations and separate amounts for administration, I began to wonder if some of the funds from the latter amount could be used. . . .I wired Col. Lawrence Westbrook, director of the Rural Rehabilitation Division, recommending that $20,000 be allotted to buy material for two camps. I was astonished to receive a wire of approval the following day. Those first camps must be credited to Paul Taylor.

Lowry Nelson

way to tyranny

New York City

William M. Kunstler's article, "The Bundestag vs. the Terrorists" (*The Nation*, July 5) is but another confirmation of the fact that the urban guerrilla group called the Red Army Faction, just as its counterparts in some of the other countries, performs the role of *agents provocateurs* in the service of reaction. The guerrillas' senseless and futile terrorism necessarily antagonizes the overwhelming majority of the people who, for the sake of getting rid of murderers and terrorists, no matter how loudly they mouth revolutionary slogans, are willing to permit the government to impinge upon their own rights and liberties. . . . Mr. Kunstler and *The Nation* should be the last ones to defend these enemies of the people, the Red Army Faction and their ilk. . . . *Lazaar Henkin*

New York City

Like the West German Republic, Mr. Henkin makes the tragic error of justifying the repressive measures recently instituted against the lawyers for the Red Army Faction by pointing out that their clients are, to use his words, "murderers" and "terrorists." I would only point out that such unfortunate distinctions have been utilized for countless centuries to usher in one tyranny or another. . . . *William M. Kunstler*

Moynihan and Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.

We are all grateful to Prof. St. Clair Drake for the piece on Daniel Patrick Moynihan ("Moynihan and the Third World," *The Nation*, July 5), who is the most prominent social scientist consistently adversary to the black people. We hope that copies of Drake's piece will reach the Black Caucus in Congress and the Third World delegates to the United Nations.

A little later, perhaps, Professor Drake would want to add to his analysis the way the Harvard-M.I.T.-Christopher Jencks crowd turned around James Coleman from an advocate to an opponent of compensatory education and integrated classrooms. Illumination of this link-up would also add background to another splendid article in your July 5th issue, that by Maurice deG. Ford on "Coleman Report II: Courts, Bussing & White Flight."

L.D. Reddick, Department of History, Temple University

EDITORIALS

A Hopeful Sign

The agreement formally initialed by Israel and Egypt is, as it has been billed, "a hopeful sign," but at the moment little more can be said for it. However, one cheer is at least in order. Concessions have been made on both sides, with Israel making more than Egypt. The Israelis have agreed to withdraw their forces from the lengths of the Mitla and Gidi passes and to return the Abu Rudeis oil fields, but will share a road with the Egyptians to the fields. Egypt will permit nonmilitary cargoes to or from Israel to pass through the Suez Canal. Both sides pledge that conflicts in the Middle East should be resolved not by military force but by peaceful means, and agree that neither will resort to the threat or use of force or military blockades against the other. A joint commission will be established to coordinate details of carrying out the accord. Limitations have been placed on the military strength both parties can maintain in areas adjacent to the United Nations buffer zone. Weapons that can reach the other side are to be banned, and restrictions are imposed on antiaircraft missiles. The accord specifies that the mandate of the U.N. peacekeeping force will be renewed annually, presumably, if all goes well, for three years. The United States, if Congress approves, will station a limited number of technical personnel to exercise overall control of the early-warning systems. Not known as yet are details of the pledges and commitments this country has made to Israel for military equipment, said to run as high as $2.5 billion this year. Israel will also receive a subsidy for the loss of the Abu Rudeis fields, including $350 million to aid in purchases abroad.

No one can say with confidence that Kissinger's strategy of seeking a limited agreement between Israel and Egypt will prove to be the best approach to the enormously complex issues between Israel and its neighbors, and one may have an uneasy feeling that, to prevail in a dramatic performance that literally has the attention of the world, Kissinger made secret commitments to both sides that would be repudiated at home if they were known. Playing honest broker in a situation so colored by suspicion and old wounds calls for a prudence that we cannot be certain our secretive and self-assured Secretary of State has exercised. But the accord, as now published, is an important first step, and it would appear to have been carefully worked out. It should assure a period of nonviolence in the area, at least as between the signing parties. The opening of the canal for nonmilitary Israeli cargoes is important. Of course the reactions of Jordan and Syria are yet to be determined and the intractable issue of the Palestinians remains unsettled. What effect the Egyptian-Israeli agreement will have on the attitude of the other states in the area is anyone's guess.

It remains to be seen, also, just what the reaction will be in Congress, but it is a fair guess that it will approve, however reluctantly, the stationing of a limited number of U.S. personnel there for the purpose indicated. There are obvious risks, but Kissinger probably holds a pretty strong political hand on this issue. He is entitled to credit for the diligence and patience with which he has pursued his

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strategy of a limited settlement; it may not work, but again it may, and it is at least a first step toward peace. President Sadat appears to have been patient, conciliatory and, above all, realistic. And the Israelis, despite evident misgivings, did what appears to be in their best interests considering the available options and alternatives. Negotiators on both sides showed as much courage in facing their domestic opposition as they did in facing the "enemy." What the agreement may touch off is a thoroughgoing debate in the Congress on U.S. policy in the area. It is long overdue and would be highly desirable.

Adam Smith Is Dead

Dead these many years but formal rites are just now being observed. "It used to be true," says Albert Rees, until recently director of the National Council on Wage and Price Stability, "that prices declined during recessions, especially during recessions as severe as this one. But list prices of most industrial goods have *not* declined, and they are beginning to rise very early in the recovery. What concerns me very deeply is that if these price increases become widespread, the recovery will be less vigorous than it should be." (See, also, the article by V. Lewis Bassie, this issue, p. 211.) Prices are going up even in industries with large unused capacity. The explanation offered by some corporations is that there isn't any additional market available, that lower prices would not necessarily help sales. That may be true and it may also happen that the current price hikes will not stick but, as *The Wall Street Journal* notes, "Adam Smith's law is clearly in danger of being amended to death by another inflationary surge during a period of slow economic growth."

In the meantime the President and his advisers seem oblivious of the fact that the Adam Smith model is a bit out of date. Pricing, John Kenneth Galbraith is quoted as saying (*The Wall Street Journal*), is "an area of the economy where reality has moved way beyond the textbooks." In his view, price competition has grown less and less potent as industry has grown more and more concentrated. The reason this news had not reached the textbooks is that "it's a rather disagreeable thing to describe reality to the young." To the young, perhaps, but the Ford administration and the Congress should be able to face up to the fact. It is perhaps true that Smith's law may in the end prevail, that is, that prices can't be held at excessive levels forever. "Over the long run," notes Paul Samuelson, "the Japanese will come in or new competition will spring up. But by that time, many executives will be retired." And in the long run we will all be dead. "What has happened,"

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asks Hobart Rowen in *The Washington Post*, "to the old free market concept that demand has something to do with prices? More and more, major industries ignore weak demand for their products, and raise their prices regardless." That's the operative word, "regardless." The issue is not, as Rees notes, how price increases can be justified in terms of costs but how can they be justified in terms of demand for the product? It is good that these questions are beginning to be raised and that the relevance of the Adam Smith model should now be questioned, but if the studies by Dr. John Blair and others of administered prices had been taken more seriously when they were issued, Smith's demise would not need to be treated as headline news.

The Killer Society

One of every 10,000 Americans will be murdered this year. More Americans were murdered from 1970 through 1974 than were killed in Vietnam. Since 1900, more than 800,000 American civilians have been killed by gunfire—more than the total number of casualties in U.S. wars from the Revolution to Indochina. Two-thirds of all murders in the United States are committed with guns, 92 per cent of them handguns. Murder rates are highest in those parts of America with the largest percentage of gun owners, lowest in those with the smallest. Since 1968, the murder rate in the United States has more than doubled.

These statistics were culled from Dr. Donald T. Lunde's recent monograph, *Murder and Madness* (available from the Stanford Alumni Association, Stanford, Calif.). Much of what he reports has been noted before by others, but rarely if ever has anyone probed so comprehensively the American way of killing.

As a psychiatrist who has worked in the police-court-prison system, Lunde notes that the average murderer today is only 20 years old, that 94 per cent of all murders are intra-racial, that when they are not, blacks are more often the victims of whites, that less than 30 per cent of murder victims are strangers to their killers, that the South has the highest murder rate (12.9 per 100,000 in 1973) and New England the lowest (3.6 per 100,000 that same year), that in the majority of homicides the killer had been drinking beforehand, that most murders are committed with little or no planning, that most murderers are easily apprehended and readily confess.

The information in his book usefully points to certain possible approaches for fighting the epidemic of murder—and possible obstacles to success. Gun control seems imperative. Far more home owners and their families are killed in gun accidents than are killed by burglars and robbers. Lunde writes:

> Obviously, the small percentage of murderers who carefully premeditate their killings and are determined to carry out their crimes can find a means, whether or not guns are available. But since most homicides arise in the context of a quarrel and involve the most readily available weapon, it is worth surmising what would happen if guns were not readily available. Knives—now the second most common weapon—would presumably become the most likely weapon in the typical assault between spouses, lovers, neighbors, etc. There is good reason to believe that in such altercations knives are only one-fifth as lethal as guns, since the death rate for all victims assaulted with guns is five times that for those assaulted with knives.

After ignoring years of opinion polls showing that a majority of Americans favor strong gun-control legislation, a consensus in Congress seems to be developing for at least a compromise bill that would require tough regulation for the manufacture and sale of firearms. Regulation of possession, and perhaps the general outlawing of handguns—except in rare, legitimate cases—may come within the decade. According to Lunde's figures, the problem of gun regulation in America is "enormous." "There are at least 50 million guns in the hands of civilians in this country," he writes, and "some estimates run as high as 200 million. . . . [How] would we go about *disarming* the most heavily armed population in the world?" As Lunde says:

> Voluntary compliance provisions would not motivate the millions who are opposed to gun controls or the millions who currently possess guns obtained illegally. Enforcement of non-voluntary provisions would be unworkable: the search and seizure aspect of such provisions would infringe on civil liberties and would require vast resources of manpower and money which are unavailable.

Lunde's views about the chances for regulatory action are arguably too pessimistic, but his contribution toward demystifying murder in America and advancing the need for comprehensive study is refreshing. When he concludes that the " 'typical murderer' is a 'typical human,' " he rightly directs our attention to the homicidal society, and when he says of the murderer that his "problems are our problems," he has come upon an insight that reverberates both ways.

Mrs. Gandhi and Bangladesh

Though the suffering in Bangladesh no longer receives the media coverage it did several years back, the pain continues. India's self-appointed role as savior of the people there—capped by military support for secession from Pakistan—has turned sour. The Indira Gandhi-backed government in Dacca had been growing increasingly repressive and corrupt, and had long ago dashed expectations that the needs of its people could be justly met. The August overthrow of Sheik Mujibur Rahman came as little surprise. Having turned dictator in her own country, Gandhi has lost whatever claim she once had to prestige in the subcontinent. Her intervention in Bangladesh may well have emboldened her to move against her own people. T. D. Allman quotes one official in *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* as saying, "I am sure it was the Bangladesh victory that confirmed her autocratic tendencies, made her think she could advance on her opponents here the way she advanced on Dacca."

Reporting from New Delhi, Allman also says his sources with well-established contacts in Bangladesh believe Gandhi's own autocratic move in July was in turn "a decisive factor" in pushing Bangladesh's Indian-trained armed forces and other former supporters of the Sheik into violent action against him. "With Mrs. Gandhi shifting into full autocracy," Allman quotes a Bengali source as saying, "the handwriting was on the wall. All hope was

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gone of Mujib relaxing his position, becoming less arbitrary." The coup was brutal: Mujib was assassinated—apparently by his own bodyguards—and some 200 of his followers were killed. The new regime has a strong Moslem orientation and is expected to move toward Pakistan in that country's long dispute with India. Consequently, the Soviet Union has been looking askance at the new government.

Mujib had told the citizens of Bangladesh: nothing is unsolvable as long as no questions are asked; operating on that assumption he silenced the opposition and arranged matters so that he could do as he pleased. But nothing was solved. Allman quotes an Indian official as saying, "Now I wonder, are events in Dacca telling us that some problems are simply unsolvable?" The original division of Pakistan may have made them so; no regime is likely to survive in Bangladesh until the political environment of the region is improved. Indira Gandhi's foreign interventionism has failed. What she tries now may depend upon the success of her totalitarian experiment at home.

'Ethical Autonomy'

Partisans of "right to work" labor relations have a prime target in the Monsanto Corporation. Since 1968, the company has deducted more than $1 million from executive paychecks and plowed it into a political slush fund that supported candidates ranging from a Southern sheriff to the President of the United States. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, which conducted an investigation, reported that the monthly deducted contributions were placed in special checking accounts in a local bank. The company's Washington lobbyist would periodically notify executives where the money should be sent. A few executives willing to talk about the program said they were "coerced" and "pressured" into joining the plan; some said they had joined voluntarily; others refused to discuss their contributions at all. One Monsanto employee told the newspaper he had been advised by his boss that the political contribution program was "not voluntary."

Confronted with the discovered slush-fund plan, Monsanto president John W. Hanley claimed he knew nothing about any corporate arm-twisting of employees reluctant to participate. He said a new plan is being developed and will be put into effect this fall.

According to company lobbyists interviewed by the *Post-Dispatch*, all candidates supported by the fund have advocated conservative, pro-business policies. So Monsanto executives who did not agree that a Chamber of Commerce mentality best served the nation were faced with a choice: be "part of the corporate team," as at least one executive put it, or face potential ostracism.

Persons coming up against that dilemma would have been helped by the kind of whistle-blowing, public-service-oriented ethic advocated by Edward Weisband and Thomas M. Franck in their *Resignation in Protest: Political and Ethical Choices Between Loyalty to Team and Loyalty to Conscience in American Public Life*. Though the thrust of their analysis and recommendations is toward government employees, what they say should apply to corporate workers as well. They advocate "ethical autonomy"—"the willingness to assert one's own principled judgment, even if that entails violating rules, values or perceptions of the organization, peer group or team." Earlier public resignation or even identity-protected whistle-blowing by Monsanto executives might have forced Hanley to end the apparently coercive program sooner. Now that the *Post-Dispatch* has broken the slush-fund story, no resignations should be required. But if Monsanto continues to tax its employees in another guise—or, indeed, if any corporation tries to compel its employees to contribute to political candidates—"ethical autonomy" might go a long way toward correcting the abuse.

'Welfare Cheating'

In a humiliating effort to prove that he is more conservative than Ronald Reagan, Vice President Rockefeller has been leveling savage attacks against "welfare cheats" before Southern audiences. That there are cheats on welfare is hardly news and that much can and should be done to minimize welfare cheating is probably true. But in today's bizarre economic setting it is difficult to regard welfare cheating, or for that matter welfare spending generally, as a major national issue. A glance at current federal spending on subsidy programs places the welfare issue in proper perspective.

"Subsidy" is a word that most Americans abominate. Yet it would be possible to write an economic history of this country under some such title as "Sweet Land of Subsidy." Federal subsidies have been repeatedly studied over the years but the studies have been quickly shelved and soon forgotten. An historical review prepared for the House Committee on Agriculture in 1960 referred to the subsidy as "the oldest economic principle written into the laws of the United States," which happens to be almost literally true. The second action taken when the first Congress convened in 1789 was to enact a tariff law. At subsequent sessions subsidies were approved for canals, railroads, ship construction and related purposes, but over the years the programs expanded—in all directions. In 1960 the Joint Economic Committee issued a long and detailed report on "Subsidy and Subsidylike Programs" which concluded that subsidies had been expanded to the point "where few segments of our economy are unaffected by them." In a report for *The Washington Post* (July 2, 1969), Laurence Stern and Richard Harwood found that subsidies to the 10,000 richest farms exceeded all federal funds expended for housing the poor. In 1972 another study by the Joint Economic Committee under Sen. William Proxmire found and identified as a preliminary figure some $63 billion in federal subsidies (*Congressional Record*, February 28, 1972). The authors of this report (Jerry L. Jasinowski and Dr. Carl Shoup) referred to federal subsidies as "the great fiscal unknown," since they were so seldom totted up or compared with other expenditures. The figure of $63 billion, incidentally, did *not* include outright welfare and transfer payments; it did *not* include a wide range of so-called "regulatory subsidies"; it did *not* include quotas and pensions. It is of course the rich, not the poor, who have been the principal beneficiaries of subsidy programs. Back in 1966, Hobart Rowen of *The Wash-*

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ington Post called attention to the fact that taxpayers were shelling out $100 million a year "for a whole host of services" supplied below cost to corporate aircraft used by company executives in flying around the country. "That means," wrote Rowen, "that each of the 20,000 business planes in this country is subsidized to the tune of $5,000 a year." He also pointed out that in large farm areas in California and Arizona some farmers were enjoying irrigation subsidies of $100,000 to $200,000 a year; these were farmers who were paying $2 per acre-foot for water that actually cost $50 to $60 per acre-foot to deliver.

Now and then, down the years, a maverick economist has zeroed in on the anomaly of lavish subsidies in a "free enterprise" economy. One such was William D. Grampp, University of Illinois, in, of all places, *The Wall Street Journal* (March 29, 1967). Grampp's point of departure was a proposal advanced as far back as 1943 by Lady Rhys Williams of the British Liberal Party in a book appropriately entitled: *Something to Look Forward To.* She had proposed that government should eliminate virtually all subsidies and simply pay a fixed sum to every person every week. The payment would be quite independent of a person's income, past or present, and would be the same for all, old and young, employed and unemployed, healthy and ill, male and female. No more welfare; no more pensions; no aid to dependent children; and, of course, no subsidies. The plan would be financed by a proportional (equal percentage) tax on personal income. An heroic simplification, as Grampp pointed out; nevertheless, if we are going to have subsidies, why not simply subsidize people? If we insist on helping those who want to buy a home, why not help people because they are poor? Needless to say, the Grampp-Williams proposal has long since been forgotten, along with all those studies of federal subsidy programs. But when the Vice President and others inveigh against "welfare cheats" it should be kept in mind that subsidy is our "oldest economic principle" and that the history of subsidies is replete with instances of flagrant cheating. The worst cheats, in fact, are the beneficiaries of the fat-cat subsidies—including the railroads that were granted 183 million acres of state and federal lands between 1850 and 1873.

SICILY'S EARTHQUAKE ZONE

WAITING IN THE WRECKAGE

LARRY BALDASSARO

In the early morning hours of January 15, 1968, a major earthquake devastated the Belice River Valley in western Sicily, a poverty-stricken area known to the outside world only, if at all, as the birthplace of the Mafia. In a few terrifying moments, three towns—Gibellina, Salaparuta and Montevago—were leveled and three others—Santa Ninfa, Poggioreale and Santa Margarita Belice—were so severely damaged as to be entirely uninhabitable. Nine other towns were damaged in varying degrees. The dead were estimated to be 500, but they may have been twice that, for many died in the days following the earthquake as a result of exposure to the cold January air. More than 50,000 were left homeless.

The thousands of survivors camped out in the fields for several days before the first tents were put up. An immediate, but drastic, remedy was offered by the Italian Government: anyone wishing to emigrate was provided with a passport and a free (one-way) ticket to anywhere in Italy or Europe. Several thousand of the homeless took advantage of the offer. Those who remained waited in muddy relief camps while temporary barrack cities were constructed to house them. Not until five months had passed did the people begin moving into the barracks, and some waited in the tents for up to a year. The barracks were more acceptable than the tents, but it was understood that they were only an emergency measure, something the people would have to endure while awaiting the reconstruction of their homes.

At the time of the earthquake I was living in Bologna and I still recall hearing on the radio news bulletin that January morning the names of those devastated towns, names so melodious they conjured up visions of idyllic country villages. A few months later I returned to America and heard no more about the earthquake zone until June of 1974, when I came to Sicily for the first time. Since then I have been living in Trappeto, a small town on the northern edge of the disaster area, and I have come to know at firsthand those places I had once envisioned as idyllic villages. What I have found instead are grim reminders of the past. Almost as if time has stood still, the shattered remains of Gibellina, Salaparuta and Montevago continue to lie in ruins, while Santa Ninfa looms as an eerie ghost town, the empty shells of its gutted houses standing uninhabited.

But there are other reminders of the past, in some ways even more shocking. The barrack cities constructed hurriedly as "temporary" housing still stand adjacent to the destroyed towns, and they are still inhabited, after seven years, by virtually all those who camped out and waited, hoping that help would arrive soon. In the fifteen towns of the Belice Valley that were totally or partially destroyed, about 45,000 people remain in the barracks, while no more than 1,000 have moved into the new housing that was to have been completed, according to a law passed on March 18, 1968, by the end of 1971. In the six towns left

Larry Baldassaro, an assistant professor of Italian at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee), spent the past year working in Sicily with Danilo Dolci.

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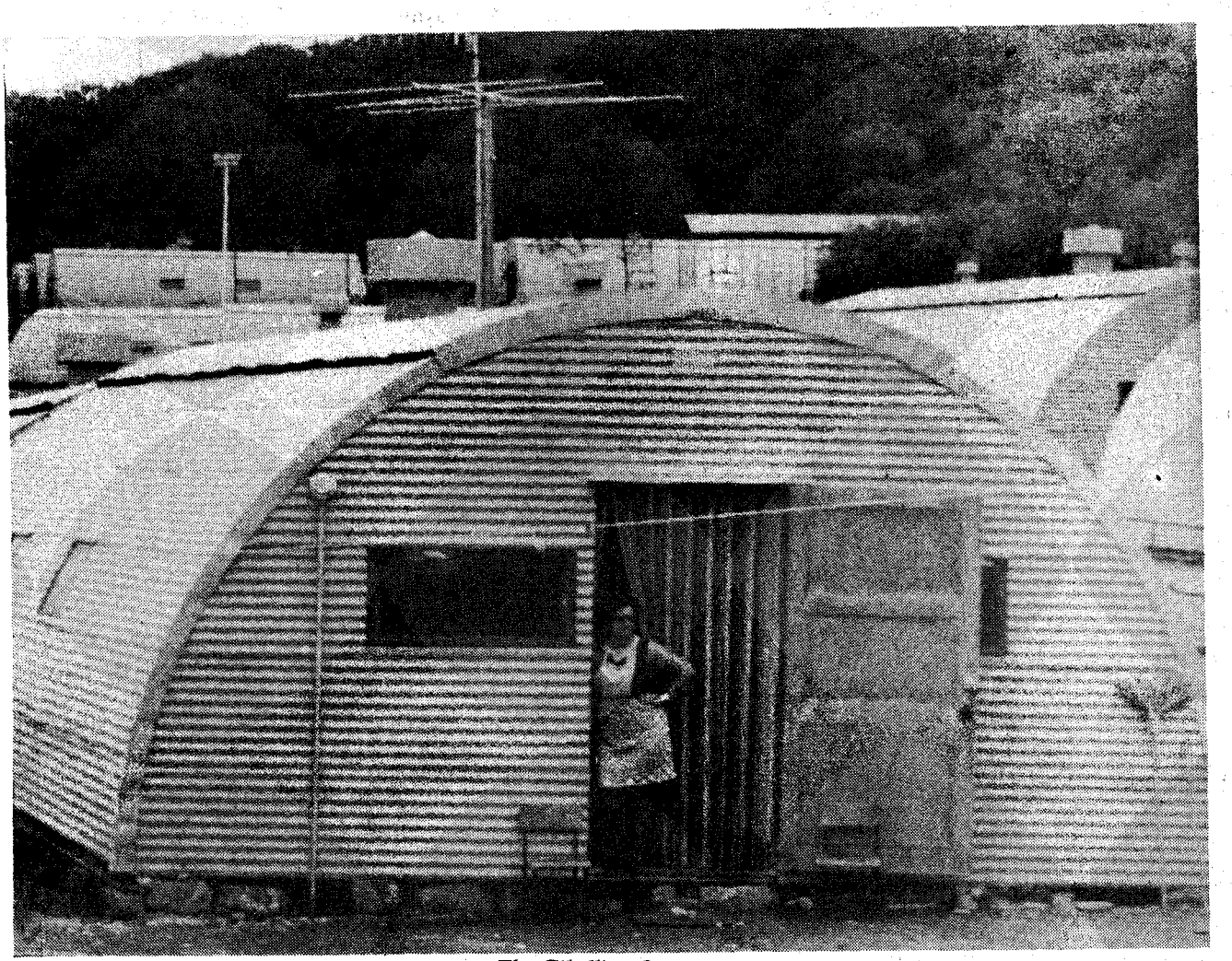

The Gibellina Quonsets

uninhabitable, almost the entire population lives in barracks. In Santa Ninfa, for example, about 5,000 people are housed in the barracks. Yet that town is perhaps the most fortunate of all in the earthquake zone, since 120 families have moved into new homes and eighty-eight more are scheduled to move soon. As for the rest of the zone, in only two other towns has anyone moved into the new homes: seventy families in Vita and twenty-five in Montevago. All of the housing constructed to date, or now under construction, are rental units for families who did not own houses before the earthquake. Of the 12,000 private homes to be constructed, not one has yet been built.

The statistics, disturbing as they may be, do nothing to describe the personal agony of daily life in the barrack cities. There are barrack-houses, barrack-stores, barrack-offices, barrack-schools, even barrack-churches. Some barracks are made of wood, others of sheet metal; some are box-shaped, others are American Quonset huts. They are all unbearable. The barrack cities have been called concentration camps by their inhabitants, and while that may be an exaggeration, the comparison is not without some validity. These 45,000 people are living surrogate lives in surrogate towns.

It has been seven years of fire and ice. In the summer the scorching Sicilian sun turns the barracks into ovens, especially the metal Quonset huts. In the winter the cold wind whips through the thin walls of the wooden barracks and rattles the sheet metal of the Quonset huts, making it difficult to sleep. The only source of heat is a small electric heater; it must be small and therefore inadequate because the insufficient electrical lines will not support heavier loads. As a result of the cold, rheumatic illnesses have become commonplace. Water is supplied every other day, and then only for four hours. In the summer months the supply is less regular; often there is no water for days at a time. Very few families have a water storage tank, either because they cannot afford one or because there is no room outside the barracks to install one.

Life is made even less tolerable by the decaying condition of structures that were meant to serve as emergency housing for several months at most. Floors are rotting, walls are spotted black by the humidity, water pipes leak, electrical service is inadequate and easily disrupted by wind or rain. Ironically, the demand for these shabby housing units is greater than the supply. Families that have grown in number in the past seven years are anxious to move into larger barracks, and many new families have been created through marriage. Engaged couples, however, often must postpone their wedding because there is no living space available to them.

For seven years the barracks dwellers have known no privacy in their tiny homes (25 square yards for a family of four). Cardboard-thin walls provide the only separation between one family and another, and the least sound can be

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heard in the adjoining living unit. Radios and televisions, hair dryers, running water, neighbors' voices, cars passing within 3 feet of the front door—these and other sounds, both interior and exterior, are incessant, inescapable and one of the most unnerving aspects of barrack life. Under these conditions there is no possibility, not even structurally, to concentrate, to escape, simply to be alone.

In addition to the constant stream of noise, other psychological pressures aggravate the physical discomforts: the knowledge that your every word may be heard by your neighbor, the fear of knowing that your child is in the street as soon as he steps outside the door, the apathy that comes from living in a seemingly hopeless situation. There are particular problems for the children who have known no other life than that of the barracks. For example, the Mayor of Santa Ninfa, Vito Bellafiore, recalls that when his child first saw a flight of stairs, at the age of 3, she was confused and had no idea how to climb them. Others tell of their children wanting to exit by the window the first time they found themselves in a second-story room.

Those who have suffered the most have been the poor. One resident of Santa Ninfa observed: "It was poverty that knocked these houses down, not the earthquake. The newer, better built houses are still standing." Poverty, of course, existed in the Belice Valley long before the earthquake made the world aware of it. In historical perspective, one could view the plight of the earthquake zone as just another example of the neglect Sicily and the rest of southern Italy have had to endure throughout the 125-year history of unified Italy. Today there is still a large gap between the industrial north and the rural south, one indicator being the difference in the illiteracy rate: 1.6 per cent in the north; 10.9 per cent in the south. Another example: Sicily has almost 10 per cent of the population of Italy but is responsible for only 2 per cent of the gross national product.

In an attempt to close this gap between north and south, the Italian Government established, in 1950, a fund for the development of the south, the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*, its purpose being to develop industry and to modernize agriculture. Twenty-five years and millions of dollars later, the results are at best questionable. Few new jobs have been generated and people continue to leave the land. One measure of the failure of the *Cassa*'s efforts to renew the south is the emigration that has continued in the years since its creation; between 1951 and 1971 more than 3.5 million Italians left the south in search of work. Now, the European economic crisis is eliminating even that alternative, and there is the grim prospect that thousands at present employed in the industries of Germany, Switzerland and northern Italy will lose their jobs and return to the south, further aggravating an economy already suffering from the highest inflation rate in Europe.

It is this tradition of neglect that has condemned the people of the Belice Valley to spend year after year in their barrack cities. And even when efforts are ostensibly made to improve the situation, the complex and balky machinery of Italian bureaucracy insures that the least amount of work will be done in the greatest amount of time. The law providing for the reconstruction of the earthquake zone by the end of 1971 was passed within three months of the tragedy and the money (initially about $260 million) was appropriated immediately, but every step of the reconstruction process has been crippled by bureaucratic ineptitude and indifference. One example is the assigning of building sites to those who must rebuild their own homes. Rather than create in each town a local commission, which would obviously be familiar with the needs of its own community, the government established a single commission for the entire zone, chaired by the provincial prefect, thus assuring maximum inefficiency. In one town, 300 lots for private homes have been ready for a year, but they have yet to be assigned. Even those fortunate enough to have moved into new homes have been the victims of inefficient planning. Farmers in Santa Ninfa have been assigned to homes designed specifically for nonagricultural families; as a result, the farmer has a new home, but no place to put his equipment, no place to keep his animals, and no place to store his harvest. Dozens of such examples could be cited. Every piece of work is slowed down by the need to obtain approval at the city, provincial and regional levels of government. Meanwhile, inflation continues to raise the cost of reconstruction.

In addition to its assurance that reconstruction would be completed in 1971, the government also promised to create 10,000 jobs for the area by developing new industries. It was expected that within five years these industries would be ready to go into operation, but to date not one new plant is under construction, and the prospects for the immediate future are not promising. On January 14 of this year, the seventh anniversary of the earthquake, thousands of Belice Valley residents demonstrated in Palermo and labor leaders emphasized the need for the government-proposed electrochemical plant at Capo Granitola, which is to provide 4,000 jobs. On the very same day, the Minister of Industry, Donat Cattin, was reported as saying that the Italian Government is not now in a position to provide funds for building the plant at Capo Granitola, whose originally estimated cost of $640 million has increased to $960 million. Nor can the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno* be of any help; its commitments are already more than twelve times greater than its available funds.

A significant percentage of the labor force in the earthquake zone is now employed in the building trade. If the promised industries are not ready when the work of reconstruction is completed, these men will have no jobs to turn to. There is the ironic possibility that when the new housing complexes are ready, the intended occupants, unable to find jobs, will be forced to quit the area for work elsewhere—leaving the new cities, as one resident of the zone referred to them, cathedrals in the desert.

What is particularly disturbing about the fate of the earthquake zone is not so much what has happened, as what might have happened but has not. The earthquake created an emergency situation that required immediate planning and action to bring relief to the thousands left without shelter. At the same time, the disaster presented an opportunity for the systematic redevelopment of an entire depressed area. The socioeconomic condition of Sicily will not be substantially improved by the mere introduction of isolated, large industries that provide potentially alienating jobs for a small percentage of the population.

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For the most part, Sicily is unspoiled by the wastes of industrialization, and there is no reason to believe that a healthier economy is possible only if Sicilians are willing to accept polluted air and water. Sicily's richest resource is its land, and what is needed to realize the potential of that resource is a rigorous program to revitalize agriculture and to encourage small, related industries, such as canneries. A major step in this direction would be to build the dams needed to provide irrigation water in an area that is without rain from April to September. (In southern Italy only 7.4 per cent of the land is irrigated, as compared with 31 per cent in the north.) The situation is especially serious this summer, following the worst winter drought in more than fifty years.

In 1968, soon after the earthquake, Danilo Dolci's *Centro Studi e Iniziative*, with the technical assistance of experts in urban development, agriculture and economics, drew up a development plan for the area in and around the earthquake zone. It proposed the formation of large townships to centralize basic services such as schools and hospitals, eight new dams and a network of highways that would enable the farmers to get their produce rapidly to the major markets. Few of these recommendations have gained the attention of the government, though there are indications that the dams may be under consideration.

Instead of systematic redevelopment, the inhabitants of the earthquake zone have their barracks. And for many, life in the barracks will be a sad reality for years to come. In Santa Ninfa, workmen have just begun to tear down the remains of the old town, and it will be at least another five years before the new town rises in its place. The stark white housing complexes now under construction in some parts of the area seem to be an architect's whimsical fantasy of a futuristic city, strikingly incongruous against the harsh landscape of western Sicily. It is difficult to know how well the inhabitants will adjust to a style of life dictated by the structure of housing units so different from the neighborhoods in which they grew up. Yet for the present there is no doubt that such subtleties are of little interest to the 45,000 people eager to escape from the wooden and metal barracks that have imprisoned them for the past seven years. □

1976: A THIRD-PARTY YEAR?

DANIEL A. MAZMANIAN

Can an independent candidate or third party win the Presidency in 1976? Will there be a repetition of the type of third-party vote generated by George Wallace and the American Independent Party (AIP) in 1968? What does the revival of Populism among the middle class and the growth of independent voters throughout the electorate foretell for such movements? The seriousness with which these questions are being addressed has been heightened in recent months by a series of developments.

Speculation has been prompted by Eugene McCarthy's announced independent candidacy (see *The Nation*, August 30). He expects to draw appreciable support from Left-liberal Democrats and the growing number of people who are fed up with both major parties—those frustrated by inflation, high taxes, bureaucracy, corruption and the seeming inability of the Establishment to deal with the problems that face the nation.

Fred Harris is criss-crossing the nation sowing the seeds of a political movement based on his brand of "new Populism." His appeal also is to the disenchanted, the independents, ex-McGovernites and some Wallace voters. While Harris has not formally bolted the Democratic Party, he is obviously working outside it, and if he gains momentum he may have the critical mass necessary to organize a new Populist party, a prospect made the more likely by the rebukes he receives from traditional Democratic circles. (Harris is calling for a fundamental redistribution of wealth and a dismantling of large corporations, demands that place him far to the left of even the George McGovern of 1972.)

At the opposite end of the political spectrum, the Conservative Caucus, the Committee on Conservative Alternatives and others are trying to establish a new conservative party that would appeal to the same unhappy independent voters sought by McCarthy and Harris, as well as more traditional conservatives. The blueprint for this attempt is provided by William Rusher who, in *The Making of the New Majority Party*, argues that the GOP is moribund and the time is ripe for a new "independent" (i.e., conservative) majority to coalesce. Rusher hopes to build a policy-oriented and programmatic party, "big enough for more than just a single charismatic leader," with Ronald Reagan to head its 1976 ticket.

And account must be taken of the enigmatic George Wallace who in 1968 ran nationally as a third-party contender, receiving almost 10 million votes, while retaining his membership in the Democratic Party in Alabama. He ventured into the Democratic primaries in 1972, at the same time threatening to run as a third-party contender if he and his constituency were abandoned by the Democrats. Now he appears to be preparing for a repeat performance in 1976.

Attempting to put these divergent movements together, some have speculated about a third party "dream ticket" for 1976, such as a Reagan-Wallace, or if you prefer, a Wallace-Reagan ticket.

These attempts by various groups and would-be candidates to set the stage in 1976 for successful Presidential campaigns outside the two-party framework should not be taken lightly. But before being swept away by the prospects for a development of that sort, one should examine the restricted conditions under which third parties in the United States have been able to marshal more than

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a small percentage of the popular vote. The 1968 election offered a clear picture of the special conditions under which an independent candidate or third party can thrive in our national politics.

Crisis Politics. In the mid-1960s, widespread anger and fear caused by the urban riots combined with a growing opposition to integration to make race relations a central national concern by 1968. The role of the United States in Southeast Asia was equally important. By 1968 the U.S. troops there had grown to 530,000 men, who sustained more than 30,000 casualties. The Tet offensive in the spring of 1968 demonstrated that the war was a costly venture, that it would be a protracted one and that there was little hope of ultimate success. Then, following the New Hampshire primary of that year, President Johnson decided not to run for re-election rather than back away from his personal commitment to the South Vietnamese cause.

Thus, 1968 was an unusually divisive year. Public debate and interest centered upon two highly visible and frustrating issues—Vietnam and race relations—to the virtual exclusion of all others. It was not a typical campaign, in which the candidates address themselves to numerous issues of concern to different subgroups of the population, and in which the winning vote is gained by the candidate who manages to say the right things to enough of the subgroups to build a winning coalition.

A Nation Divided. Following Tet, more and more Americans lost confidence in the goals of the war, as well as in the government's persistently optimistic forecasts of imminent victory. The shifting public mood is reflected in the change in the proportion of self-identified hawks in the Gallup poll: from 61 per cent of the sample in February 1968 to only 41 per cent a month later. Peace sentiments grew apace; "dove" self-identification increased in the same period from 23 per cent to 42 per cent of those surveyed. While there may have been some confusion over who opposed the war on which grounds—moral, pragmatic or any other—the trend was obvious: the majority of Americans wanted to be out of Vietnam, while a minority sought "total" victory.

The racial divisions, while somewhat more complex, showed a similar split in public sentiment. By 1968 the vast majority of the public had concluded that segregation could no longer be accepted as public policy. Only 15 per cent of the respondents to the national elections study conducted by the Survey Research Center of Ann Arbor remained firmly committed to segregation—one-third fewer than in 1964. Meanwhile, 35 per cent placed themselves in favor of integration and the remaining 45 per cent sought some middle ground.

A less explicit indicator of racial attitude is found in the reaction to urban unrest, a euphemism for riots, robbery and disorder in the black urban communities. In a national survey on the solutions advocated for urban unrest, commissioned by Prof. Richard Brody of Stanford University in November 1968, almost one-fourth of the respondents called for "solving the problems of poverty and unemployment." In sharp contrast, one-fifth urged the "use of all available force" as the appropriate remedy. The remaining population fell into five positions between the two extremes.

Thus the responses to the urban unrest issue revealed two sizable minorities, with the bulk of the electorate adhering to a centrist position. In ordinary election years that sort of distribution would probably produce a typical two-party split, with each of the traditional parties seeking the Center, while making only guarded appeals to one of the extremes. However, the disquiet over urban unrest was tied to anxieties over race relations and became important to the AIP strategy. Gallup found that by 1968 "Wallace supporters tend[ed] to be 'hawks' not only on Vietnam but on domestic issues as well." It appears that the overlapping of the minority views among Wallace supporters on the two highly controversial issues added to the intensity of the split between the majority and minority.

Candidate Positions. The presence of an intense minority became important to Wallace and the AIP because the minority views were not represented in the majority parties. In 1968 neither Nixon nor Humphrey actively appealed to the hawk position on the war or the segregationist position on race. That neither candidate would do so is understandable. For Nixon, the standard-bearer of the party out of power, adopting the most popular position on Vietnam was an obvious strategy. His message on the war was at the same time highly ambiguous and very much to the point; he had, he promised, a "plan for peace," one that would end the war on honorable terms, while bringing the boys home. Humphrey's strategic considerations were also fairly well defined. If he were to dissociate himself from the Johnson administration and hold the highly vocal anti-war faction of the Democratic Party, he would have to repudiate the administration line and become an advocate of withdrawal, an approach he ultimately took.

On race relations, Nixon and Humphrey held different positions, but neither provided much solace to the segregationists. Humphrey's name had been synonymous with civil rights ever since he led the battle to retain that plank in the 1948 Democratic platform. Nixon was more of an unknown quantity on the subject. He was opposed to segregation, but also to the demonstrations and violence and the active role of the federal government that the public associated with the civil rights and desegregation movement. In this sense he appealed to the contradictory positions of white "Middle America": moral abhorrence to segregation, but an unwillingness to bear the disruption to their own lives and communities that could come with government-imposed integration.

The refusal of Humphrey and Nixon to appeal directly to the minority hawk and segregation elements left a critical political vacuum—a situation for which George Wallace was prepared. Until the sudden death of Martin Luther King, resulting in more urban riots, and the retirement of Johnson, it had appeared that Wallace would run in 1968 only for exposure, saving his real thrust for the Presidency until 1972. In any event, the man who symbolized segregation and had vowed early in his political career never to be "out-nigguhed again" entered the race as a real third-party contender. His appeal to the segregationist minority was obvious. It was complemented by the nomination of Gen. Curtis LeMay, a prominent hawk and advocate of unrestricted military power as the "solution" to the war in Vietnam—or of any other war—as his

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running mate. This was the ideal marriage of minorities.

In sum, the impressive AIP vote resulted from atypical circumstances. This is not to say that such circumstances have never occurred before—there was the Progressive Party of 1924, the Populist Party of 1892, the Anti-Mason Party of 1832, and so on—or will never occur again. But a significant third-party vote depends on the unusual coincidence of four factors: (*1*) severe national conflict over a few very important issues, a period of "crisis politics"; (*2*) division of the electorate on one or more of these issues into at least one extreme and estranged minority and a broad majority; (*3*) rejection or avoidance of the position of the minority by the major parties, causing alienation of the minority, and (*4*) a politician or political group willing to exploit the situation by initiating a new party. Only such a combination will assure a serious third-party vote. Moreover, the conditions are cumulative; each step is a prerequisite for the next to operate.

It is important to note that the very fact that independent candidates and third parties win votes by taking extreme positions on issues and appealing to estranged minorities prevents them from becoming major parties. The more fervent their appeal to the minority, the more of its votes they garner, but the less successful is their appeal to the more moderate majority. Yet to play down extremism in a quest for those additional votes would negate their reason for existence.

What, then, are the prospects for third parties in 1976? Will it be a year of crisis politics? Which positions on salient issues will go unaddressed? What will be the likely stands taken by the major parties? Can we answer these questions with sufficient confidence to approach the final question that is central to most popular discussions of the subject? Can we make an educated guess about the prospects for a successful independent candidacy or third-party bid in next year's election? What follows is admittedly conjecture, but based on a familiarity with the conditions that have traditionally given rise to significant third-party votes.

First and foremost, the kind of highly visible and divisive domestic or foreign-policy issue that seizes the electorate's attention, making for a period of crisis politics, does not appear to be in the offing. The Middle East might provide it, but the prospect that conflict will erupt there by election time seems slight. If war is rekindled and the United States becomes involved militarily, the issue could well rise to crisis proportion. None of the other leading matters on the national agenda—the economy, taxation, pollution, crime, energy or corruption in high circles—is sufficiently salient or divisive to arouse the electorate to a fever pitch. Moreover, none of the important positions on these issues is likely to go unaddressed by the two major parties, as did the hawk position on Vietnam and segregation in 1968.

It is evident that we are suffering a "crisis of confidence" in the United States: confidence in ourselves and in the political leadership brought about by disarray in the economy, by the challenge to the dominant role of the United States around the globe, by Watergate, etc. This state of unease has fostered disillusionment, cynicism and anger, especially among the middle class. And out of frustration with traditional political solutions has emerged a growing body of self-identified independent voters. However, it is not the type of crisis that divides the electorate into a majority and estranged minority. Therefore, it is not the kind of crisis around which a third party can be built. Rather, it is one which permeates and leaves a pall over the entire society. Undoubtedly, the crisis of confidence is contributing to what Prof. Walter Dean Burnham of M.I.T. has described as the "decomposition" of the electorate and the growing irrelevance of political parties. If it continues, it could undermine the legitimacy of America's political institutions and values. But that does not spell immediate doom for the two-party system nor augur the success in 1976 of independents or third parties. Throughout our history the presence of widespread disillusion has inspired party entrepreneurs on the fringe to envision a grand "coalition of the outs": the independents, the alienated, the estranged. But in the absence of an affirmative, action-oriented program to address specific "evils," like integration and involvement in Vietnam, the coalitions have never materialized at the polls.

If almost everyone is disenchanted with the prevailing Establishment, as appears to be the case today, then the major-party candidates will simply run against it, leaving no vacuum to be filled by a third party. Ford will run against a "do-nothing" Congress and the Democrats against a "do-nothing" President. It does not take a soothsayer to see this, nor to imagine what will be the leading issues of next year's campaign. Democrats will call for "strong" and "cohesive" leadership to face the ills of American society. They will chastise the multinational oil corporations and propose curbs on their activities. The Republicans will counter by citing the achievements of the Ford administration in "stabilizing" the international scene through adoption of an "even-handed" approach to all nations, especially in the Middle East, and by extolling Ford's leadership in guiding the economy out of the recession. They will appeal to the traditional American virtues of thrift and self-sacrifice, so necessary in this era of dwindling natural resources. There will also be promises to the conservative elements of further deregulation of business and of minimal steps to enforce racial integration.

While the particulars of the issues addressed may change between now and the election, the basic context will not: there will be no issue or issues of crisis proportion, susceptible to the appeals of a third party. All major-party candidates will be espousing a mix of Populist, liberal and conservative rhetoric. Thus, even if new or third parties are on the ballot, there is little prospect that they will attract a significant vote.

The difficulties to a successful third-party bid in 1976 are compounded by the fact that the two leading prospective candidates—Wallace and Reagan—are also prime candidates within the major parties. Traditionally, one of the major hurdles for third parties has been access to the ballot of the various states. The myriad of petitions, filing and organizational requirements have been prohibitive to new parties. Such hurdles still exist, but in 1968 the Supreme Court ruled unconstitutional state electoral laws which deny a ballot position to all but the two major parties. Parties that have already begun to establish a ballot position—the AIP is on the ballot in Alabama, Cali-

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fornia, Connecticut, Nevada, New Mexico, Pennsylvania and South Carolina—or will begin to do so soon, should be successful on that score.

The critical legal barrier in 1976 does not pertain to ballot access, but to the eligibility of candidates who switch from one party to another during the campaign. Present speculation runs that George Wallace and Ronald Reagan are preparing to enter the Democratic and Republican primaries respectively, reserving the option to run as third-party contenders only if their major-party bids appear hopeless. They may even wait until after the major-party conventions next summer, hoping to repeat the bolt by Theodore Roosevelt and the progressives from the Republican Party in 1912. But the law of a number of states and recent Supreme Court decisions make this strategy no longer viable. One of the best examples, in a state important to the aspirations of either Reagan or Wallace, is the California Election Code, which expressly forbids a candidate of one party to run as the candidate of another party or as an independent in the general election. Such a candidate must not have been associated with another political party for a year prior to the primary. This provision was challenged in court by two independent candidates for Congress in 1972, who claimed violation of their First and Fourteenth Amendment rights. The case traveled all the way to the Supreme Court, where the state law was upheld. The ruling is critical. Mr. Justice White, speaking on behalf of the Court argued (*Storer* v. *Brown*):

> The direct primary in California is not merely an exercise or warm-up for the general election but an integral part of the entire election process. . . . It functions to winnow out and finally reject all but the chosen candidates. The state's general policy is to have contending forces within the party employ the primary campaign and primary election to finally settle their differences. The general election ballot is reserved for major struggles; it is not the forum for continuing intraparty feuds.

Thus, he concludes that the California law

> protects the direct primary process by refusing to recognize independent candidates who do not make early plans to leave a party and take the alternate course to the ballot. It works against independent candidacies prompted by short-range political goals, pique or personal quarrel. It is also a substantial barrier to a party fielding an "independent" candidate to capture and bleed off votes in the general election that might well go to another party.

Clearly, there will be no party switching in California in 1976, and similar rulings have been handed down in recent years regarding party registration and candidate qualifications in New York and Ohio.

What are the implications for Reagan and Wallace? Under present interpretations, the election laws of California, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Nebraska, Oregon and South Dakota prevent candidates in the primary of one party from running as a candidate of another party. In the remaining states having Presidential primaries the law does not address the issue or is ambiguous. However, the seven states which bar switching comprise 20 per cent of the electorate and would be central to a third-party drive. Reagan and Wallace must surely know this. It appears that both have chosen to stay within the major parties, going for the big prize, while continuing to feign movement in the direction of a third party to keep their adversaries off balance and to win consideration within the party.

In sum, 1976 is shaping up as a typical two-party contest. True, McCarthy may be on the ballot as an independent, as well as the candidates for the AIP, the Socialist Workers Party, the Peace and Freedom Party, and so on. But the necessary prerequisites for a voter revolt against the two major parties, in particular a crisis over specific issues and the alienation of minorities susceptible to the mobilization by a third party, are absent. Also, the two personalities who would add the most force to a third-party bid, Wallace and Reagan, are being compelled by their strategic roles within the major parties and the legal proscriptions thus invoked to make the irrevocable choice of staying within the two-party framework. □

The Promise of the Coming Dark Age

L.S. STAVRIANOS

This is a time of pessimism and despair—a time when Robert Heilbroner writes of the "Human Prospect" and finds it bleak and threatening, and when Doris Lessing writes *The Memoirs of a Survivor* who feels "naked and defenseless" witnessing "life reverting to the primitive . . . all forms of social organization breaking up." It is all reminiscent of the last days of Rome and of the ensuing Dark Age, *but for that very reason* this is a time of promise as well as peril—a time when fresh green shoots are sprouting everywhere amidst the ugly wreckage of obsolete institutions.

Today we know that the so-called Dark Age following the Roman Empire was anything but dark. Rather it was an age of epochal creativity, when values and institutions were evolved that comprised the bedrock of modern civilization. It is true that this creativity was preceded by imperial disintegration—by the shrinkage of commerce and cities, the disappearance of bureaucracies and standing armies, the crumbling of roads and aqueducts and palaces. But it was precisely this disintegration that cleared the ground for the rebirth that followed. The Roman Empire in its later phase had become a constricting and exploitative anachronism, so that the eminent medievalist, Prof. Robert Lopez of Yale University, compares the barbarian invasions to "the cruel bombings in our day which destroyed ramshackle old buildings and so made possible

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the reconstruction of towns on more modern lines." The analogy is relevant for our age, as modern civilization is undergoing a disintegration-reintegration experience similar to that precipitated by the barbarian invasions and the World War II bombings.

The modern counterpart of the Roman Empire is the West-dominated world order that has evolved since the 15th century. This world order, like its Roman predecessor, had its time of glory during which it made its historic contribution. As early as 1848, Marx and Engels paid tribute in the *Communist Manifesto* to "the bourgeoisie," which "during its rule of scarce 100 years has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than all the preceding generations together." The new global market economy created by the bourgeoisie was naturally dominated and exploited by them for their own purposes. The result is the present division of the globe into affluent and impoverished segments, with the gap between them steadily widening. This world order is rapidly becoming as unviable, for political, economic and ecological reasons, as the old Roman Empire became in its time. Thus the ultimately revivifying effect of the barbarian intrusion into Rome has its parallel today in the Vietcong triumph in Vietnam, the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, the Frelimo in Mozambique and the PAIGC in Guinea-Bissau.

The coming Dark Age is, of course, fundamentally different from its predecessor in origins and dynamics. Whereas the first Dark Age was the product in large part of Roman technological retardation, the second is being engendered by technological precociousness, or rather the misuse of technological precociousness by a world order that it has rendered archaic. Yet despite this basic difference, there is an underlying and easily discernible sameness about the two periods. Both are characterized by decentralization—by retreat from overextended and increasingly ineffective central authority, and by assertion of local autonomy and traditions.

In the political realm, Rome's imperial structure gave way to feudal fragmentation, and likewise today the great 19th-century overseas empires have mostly disintegrated, and even the nation-states show signs of ungluing. The pace of imperial dissolution is evident in the durability of *Pax Britannica*, as compared with the brief decade of *Pax Americana*. Nation-states also are now on trial, for they can no longer be administered effectively in the traditional bureaucratic fashion with a few at the center making the substantive decisions. Furthermore, the new breed of citizen is unwilling to have his future shaped by those with allegedly indispensable expertise or with inherited or acquired political or economic power. Hence the instability of elected governments—the turning away from old parties and politicos, and the worldwide experimentation with self-management institutions including communes in China, kibbutzim in Israel, *ujamaa* villages in Tanzania, armed resistance and nation-building in the former Portuguese colonies and all the innovative manifestations of the American "exploring society," with its radical caucuses, counter-institutions, self-governing neighborhoods, and the national organizations of Ralph Nader and John Gardner devoted to fighting "big daddy" and "restoring government to the people."

The outstanding practical success of groups such as the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now (ACORN) and Citizens Action League (CAL), together with the supporting theoretical work of the Institute for Policy Studies and its associated Institute for Neighborhood Studies, suggests a significant shift away from hitherto unchallenged liberal political strategy. What might be the dividends today, it is being asked, if a small percentage of the human and material resources expended in the 1968 and 1972 Presidential campaigns had been invested instead in grass-roots community mobilization, so that citizens could gain experience and confidence in managing their own local affairs? Is not such local self-management the prerequisite for effective and durable political innovation in the capital?

In the economic field, too, the fall of Rome led to decentralization, the imperial economy being replaced by self-sufficient manors that soon proved superior in technological progress and in economic productivity. The overall economic trend today is toward decentralization, though now it is from global to national and to local scale of economic operations.

Although colonial empires have disappeared, subordinate economic relationships persist as strongly as ever. The principal instrument for economic control is the multinational corporation, which Daniel Moynihan, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, recently described as "arguably the most creative international institution of the 20th century." Even with the escape hatch that he left himself in the word "arguably," Moynihan would be hard-pressed to defend his statement in the face of almost all Third World economic indicators—the rising percentage of unemployed, the growing amount of indebtedness, the declining standards of nutrition and health, and the declining per capita real income, both absolute and relative to that of the developed countries. These objective economic facts, together with the disintegration of the post-World War II American-European-Japanese global hegemony, suggest that the days of the multinationals, and of the world economic order in which they flourish, are numbered.

President Houari Boumédienne of Algeria has called for "the economic emancipation of the underdeveloped countries" by promoting "the destruction of the unfair economic structure which governs the world today." A few years ago such a statement would have been dismissed as rhetorical bluff, but recent world economic developments indicate that the power balance between developed and underdeveloped countries no longer is tipped hopelessly to one side. The global economy a few decades hence is likely to be qualitatively different from what it is today, and the overall shift will be in the direction of decentralization.

Example: Less monoculture agriculture to satisfy metropolitan markets and more diversified agriculture to meet local needs. This diversified agriculture will be more stable and reliable than the present monoculture based on some variety of a single species bred specifically for certain qualities. R.A. Rappaport, an anthropologist, concludes (in *Scientific American*, September 1971): "We may ask if the chances for human survival might not be enhanced by reversing the modern trend in order to increase the diversi-

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ty and stability of local, regional and economic ecosystems —even, if need be, at the expense of the complexity and interdependence of worldwide economic organization."

Example: Diversification of industry as well as agriculture with the development of a technology that is designed for the villages rather than for the cities, that is cheap and suitable for application on a small scale, that is labor intensive rather than energy or capital intensive, and that uses local materials and produces for local use.

Example: Diffusion of the Chinese strategy for economic development—social revolution and independent local and national economic growth to satisfy local and national needs, in place of the globally organized economic growth of the past century which has generated affluence for a few countries and material misery for many.

Example: Decentralization also in the developed countries by dispersing industry and reviving the family farm as against agri-business operations which are *not* more efficient. Recent technological developments negate the old principle equating size with efficiency, so that decentralization now is economically feasible as well as socially desirable. "There appears to be aborning a second industrial revolution," concludes J.M. Blair in *Economic Concentration*, "which among other features, contains within itself the seeds of destruction for concentrated industrial structures."

Finally, the new Dark Age will be undergirded by an ethics and a morality that will fill the same need that Christianity did in the later Roman Empire. It was the moral rot that permeated Roman society, as well as the vicissitudes of everyday life, that caused so many to turn for solace to mystery cults of Oriental origin, of which Christianity emerged triumphant. So also today there is disillusionment, despair and a turning to mysticism and Eastern cults; witness the Hare Krishnas, the succession of gurus who are attracting devoted followers and the rising interest in "old sciences" such as numerology and astrology. But today there are more than mystery religions infiltrating the metropolitan centers from the outer reaches of former empires.

One example is Maoist theory and practice which are beginning to influence a divided and uncertain Western world. American scholars in October 1974 held a conference in Washington, D.C. to analyze Maoism as a major new world religion. The Maoist insistence on subordinating self and serving others raises the question, according to these scholars, whether Christianity and other traditional religions have been "outperformed," and whether certain aspects of Maoist society might serve as a model for the class-divided Western societies. Norman Webster, Peking correspondent of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, when asked what Mao "is really trying to do," replied, "I believe he's trying to make a Christian out of every person. This is something no one else has ever really tried to do—at least on such an extensive scale." And James Reston, *The New York Times* correspondent, said on CBS News after a visit to China, "the tremendous effort to bring out what is best in man, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another. They are trying that." Which raises the paradoxical possibility that Maoist China with its applied Christianity may leave a deeper imprint on the West today than the West with its doctrinal Christianity left on China in the 19th century.

Another example of Third World influence on the West is the impact of African resistance movements on Portugal. Protracted colonial wars waged by Lisbon's dictatorship not only strained the meager resources of Portugal but also ended with some of the officers won over to the revolutionary ideology of the guerrillas they were fighting. Long conversations with their prisoners led them to realize, as they put it, that "those who benefited from the war were the same financial groups that exploited the people in the metropolis and, comfortably installed in Lisbon or Oporto or abroad, by means of a venal government obliged the Portuguese people to fight in Africa in defense of their immense profits." Thus the colonial experience led to a reappraisal of what was going on at home. "What we saw was that Portugal was itself part of the Third World. Lisbon and Oporto were an illusion, the country within was underdeveloped, with an illiterate and exploited peasantry." (K. Maxwell: "The Hidden Revolution in Portugal," *New York Review of Books*, April 17.)

It was in this way that revolution in the colonies led directly to revolution in the mother country—to the overthrow of a decades-old Portuguese dictatorship with repercussions for the Western world that are still far from played out. Whatever the outcome of the Portuguese revolution, it is as significant as it is novel that Admiral Antonio Rosa Coutinho, an influential member of the High Council of the Revolution, should lecture a group of businessmen that "the Armed Forces Movement considers itself a liberation movement like those in Africa, and seeks not only formal independence but total liberation of the people. . . ."

Third World influence on the West is manifest also in the profound ethical challenge of the so-called liberation theology. This has been enunciated most clearly by progressive Catholic clergymen in Latin America. Interpreting the Bible as a revolutionary book and Jesus as a revolutionary leader, liberation theology demands that the present exploitation of four-fifths of the human family by the remaining one-fifth be ended by rapid social change. Whether this change comes violently or nonviolently depends on the minority rather than on the majority, but either way, it will come. And believers in God must be on the side of the oppressed or else deny their faith. But being on the side of the oppressed, insist these theologians, does not mean going to a Third World country or to a black ghetto to "help the people" or to start a revolution. Rather it means staying in the white ghetto and working to change by whatever means necessary the white power structure which is responsible for exploitation in the developed world as well as the underdeveloped. This essentially revolutionary doctrine, although primarily of Third World origin, has won considerable support among Western churchmen, suggesting a parallel in the theological realm to the interaction of the African revolutionaries and the Portuguese army officers in the political realm.

What does all this portend for the future of mankind? In the first place, the new Dark Age will not be a mellow or a comfortable period, especially for those who

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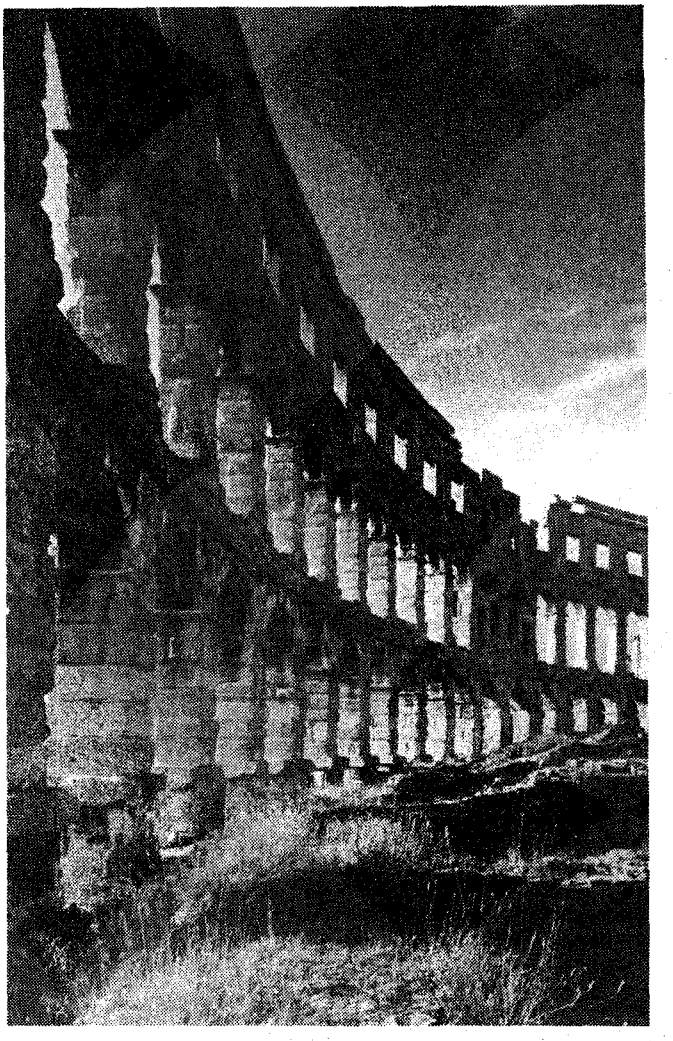
today enjoy privilege and status. J.B. Priestley, at age 80, contemplating the future in the perspective of a literary career of sixty years, has put it candidly and perceptively: "I should add, without being grandiose about it, that there's a slithering down of civilization. The whole scientific and industrial civilization which began in the 16th century is coming to an end. It won't last. Something will take its place; maybe it will be better. It won't seem better to me." (*The New York Times*, April 6, 1974.)

Priestley's fellow writers in late Roman times speculated along similar lines. The empire's demise, writes the historian C. Warren Hollister, "brought disorganization and savagery, but it also gave Europe the chance for a new beginning, an escape from old customs and lifeless conventions, a release from the stifling prison that the Roman Empire, for most of its inhabitants, had come to be. . . . Life in the post-Roman West was hazardous, ignorant, foul and deeply insecure, but such was the price of the new beginning." ("Twilight in the West," in *The Transformation of the Roman World*; Lynn White, ed.) This is roughly the situation of mankind today. To comprehend the significance of what is going on about us, at least as much attention must be paid to the "new beginning" as to the "disorganization and savagery."

Finally, what will be the fate of the West in the forthcoming Dark Age during which a half-millennium of Western hegemony will surely end? The basic and most difficult problem confronting all developed societies (those of the Soviet bloc at least as much as those of the West) will be the "retarding lead" effect. The law of retarding lead holds that the best adapted and most successful countries have the greatest difficulty to adapt and retain their lead in a period of transition and, conversely, the underdeveloped and less successful societies find it easier to adapt and forge ahead. In medieval times this effect hobbled the advanced Chinese and favored the retarded Westerners, but today it is the other way around. J. Bronowski sensed this in his *Ascent of Man* when he warned that, "If we do not take the next step in the ascent of man, it will be taken by people elsewhere, in Africa, in China." Bronowski then reflected poignantly on the prospect of the torch passing to non-Western hands.

> Should I feel that to be sad? No, not in itself. Humanity has a right to change its colour. And yet, wedded as I am to the civilisation that nurtured me, I should feel it to be infinitely sad. I, whom England made, whom it taught its language and its tolerance and excitement in intellectual pursuits, I should feel it a grave sense of loss (as you would) if a hundred years from now Shakespeare and Newton are historical fossils in the ascent of man, in the way that Homer and Euclid are.

Bronowski's apprehension that Western man may become the "native" of the future probably will prove unwarranted. His concern presupposes that some non-Western people will gain the crushing global hegemony—political, economic and cultural—enjoyed by the West in modern times. But the tempo of change and the shrinking of the earth into a "global village" precludes the gross disparities in levels of development that evolved during millennia of regional isolation, and that existed when Western explorers were finding Paleolithic aborigines in Australia and Confucian mandarins in China. Also the current mass



Amphitheatre, Pula, Yugoslavia

activization and assertiveness in all societies insures that the world never again will be dominated by any one country or region. The experience in Vietnam offers convincing proof of that. And certainly there will never again be the internalization of a myth of some future bwana's or sahib's superiority. More likely than the displacement of Shakespeare and Newton by some future Asian or African scientists or writers is the cross-fertilization of civilizations, as suggested above by the impact of Maoism, of liberation theology and of Frelimo.

This new two-way interaction between the Western and non-Western worlds can scarcely be viewed as a menace to Western civilization. It represents infusion of hybrid cultural vigor rather than eclipse or subordination. Perhaps it is not a case, as Bronowski feared, of Western civilization being transformed into a fossil by developments beyond its control. Rather it may be that it was in danger of declining in meaning and relevance to the status of a fossil, and that the decline is halted, and revivification is setting in, precisely because of the active participation of all peoples of all cultures and of all social origins.

What we are witnessing today is not the degradation of Western man to the position of "native" but the transcendence of Homo sapiens to Homo humanus. This was the message of John Maynard Keynes when, in the depth

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of the Great Depression, he wrote (*Essays in Persuasion*):

> We shall be able to afford to dare to assess the money-motive at its true value. The love of money as a possession . . . will be recognized for what it is, a somewhat disgusting morbidity, one of thise semi-criminal, semi-pathological propensities which one hands over with a shudder to the specialists in mental disease. All kinds of social customs and economic practices, affecting the distribution of wealth and of economic rewards and penalties, which we now maintain at all costs, however distasteful and unjust they may be in themselves, because they are tremendously useful in promoting the accumulation of capital, we shall then be free, at last, to discard. . . . We shall once more value ends above means and prefer the good to the useful. We shall honour those who can teach us how to pluck the hour and the day virtuously and well, the delightful people who are capable of taking direct enjoyment in things. . . . But, of course, it will happen gradually, not as a catastrophe. Indeed, it has already begun.

Of course it has already begun, if we will but open our eyes to see. Although the style is different, does not the following appeal of the resistance movement in Guinea-Bissau (from *The Liberation of Guiné*; B. Davidson) lift Keynes out of his London ivory tower and transform his early 20th-century rhetoric into meaningful reality for the late 20th century?

> Frequent meetings must be held to explain to the population what is happening with the struggle. . . .
>
> Educate ourselves, educate other people, the population in general, to fight fear and ignorance, to eliminate little by little the subjection to nature and natural forces which our economy has not yet mastered. . . .
>
> Learn from life, learn from our people, learn from books, learn from the experience of others. Never stop learning. . . .
>
> Nothing of this is incompatible with the joy of life, or with love for life and its amusements, or with confidence in the future and in our work. □

OIL TOWN RUMBLE

THE YOUNG MEN OF TAFT

GERALD HASLAM

Taft, Calif.

In 1954, I emerged from the visitors' dressing room at Taft High School to see a crowd surging over the parking lot. Having just lost a grudge football game, I was in a mood to join the action, so I jostled my way to the crowd's core. There I found a pugnacious white youth from Bakersfield pounding a much smaller local. "Fight back, you asshole," the aggressor kept hissing, "I'm a nigger! I'm a nigger!" That the Bakersfield boy came from a town that could take no pride in its own racial relations was of little consequence; he had found an excuse to pick a fight.

Taft has carried the cross of its Ku Klux Klan past even among its tainted neighbors. Today, after thirteen black athletes were recently run out of town by a mob of white boobs, much of the nation views Taft the same way. But the town's recent sorry events are as much a measure of its well-intended but inept present as of its racist past.

Taft grew in the southwestern corner of California's Great Central Valley, near Elk Hills about 40 miles west of Bakersfield, an arid region called the "Westside Desert" or just the "Westside." The spot offered virtually no water, but sat over a vast reservoir of oil. As trading center for the enormously rich Midway-Sunset oil district, the town was described in 1912 as "perhaps the liveliest town in the state." A frontier community of the sort movie fans once expected Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable to brawl in, beer was for a time cheaper than water in Taft. It was largely populated by men during its early years, and it was given to male diversions. Casual violence was a way of life.

Taft was incorporated in 1910, and its development has been closely linked with the social history of California's oil industry, for oil companies owned not only much of the surrounding land but a good chunk of the town as well. Both the town and its immediate area have a long history of absentee ownership.

Nonwhites have been even more absent than owners, for until the very recent past, oil work in Central California was white men's work. Most of those who labor on the hot, rolling hills around Taft drifted there from other oil areas, often from the South and Southwest. It was asserted, during the lily-white past, that Negroes not only couldn't be hired in Kern County's oil fields but that they didn't want jobs there; the work was too much for them. So both the oil fields and Taft grew up all white.

While some "No Colored Allowed" signs could be found in the town, its reputation alone was enough to discourage most blacks. It was accepted during my youth that no Negro should allow himself to be found in Taft after dusk. The same was said to be true of several nearby communities, principally those which grew around oil. Precisely because they had isolated themselves from nonwhites, many residents of Taft were poorly prepared for the rise in black pride and consciousness during the 1960s. Their ignorance of blacks easily festered into fear and hate. But in 1965, Taft was integrated because another local tradition, athletic excellence, was in jeopardy.

Despite the town's small size (currently about 4,200), both Taft High School and Taft Junior College have reputations as tough competitors that can hold their own against much larger schools. But when the oil business began to get along with smaller crews, and some surround-

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ing areas such as Maricopa and Cuyama could no longer be counted upon to send top athletes to Taft, both institutions found themselves drawing from diminishing populations of student athletes. The high school was forced to drop out of the large school league in which it had long competed effectively, and play a schedule of smaller schools. The junior college, with only about 400 students—it's among the smallest in the state—wasn't ready to become a loser.

Although it had to drop out of the state junior college athletic association and play an intersectional schedule, Taft J.C. began to import athletes, black as well as white. In 1956, the Cougars had managed an unbeaten football season with a team of local kids. Nine years later, large numbers of outsiders were recruited to bolster the school's field prowess. And bolster they did: in the years following out-of-state recruitment, Taft's junior college football team has five times been nationally ranked, even defeating small four-year schools; they won the 1966 Wool Bowl in Roswell, N.M.

Despite the success of recruiting, the presence of "foreign" players became a wedge slipped between one segment of the town and the college. Said one Taft resident: "There are some people in the community who feel the district ought to spend money on its own people." One of the participants in the violence of late May, a high school dropout, said that the black athletes have been a special sore spot. "They replace local athletes," he asserted, claiming that they also receive an unfair share of campus grants and jobs. Tom Harrell, athletic director and head football coach, disagrees. He says also that without the imported athletes the team couldn't remain competitive (the college has returned to the California association, and plays in a tough conference).

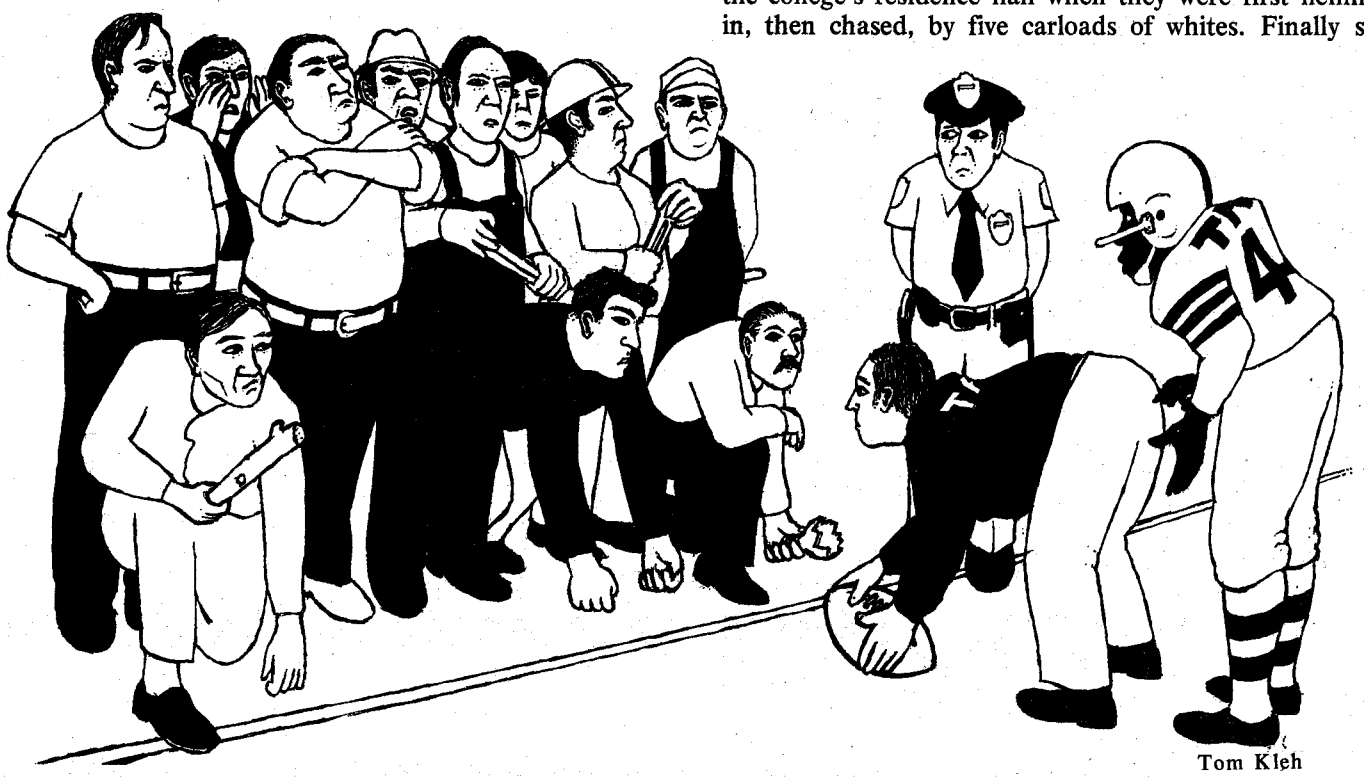
Moreover, college officials have long seen the recruitment of black athletes as an important part of the school's educational job; they have recruited other nonwhites, many of them foreign exchange students, as a means of introducing local youngsters to the complexity of multiethnic culture. Taft J.C. has also introduced a small ethnic studies program, but has been unable to reach dropouts and those marginal or poor people who move directly from high school to the oil fields, then smolder while others—many of them outsiders—use the college as a step toward a richer life.

Since Taft has no black girls for young men to date, interracial dating was a predictable problem, for few of the athletes were celibate. Indeed, white thugs cited a rumor that a white girl was pregnant by a black athlete as one cause of Taft's violent days in May. A combination of intolerance on the part of some Taftians, and naïveté on the part of college officials must be blamed. Recent studies have shown that sexual tension is considerably reduced on campus when relatively equal numbers of nonwhite men and women were recruited, and not because interracial dating lessens significantly. Apparently the college community relaxes when everyone—male and female, black and white—shares the opportunity to date freely.

Taft, and the area around it, have long been known as fighting country, a place where men young and old test their masculinity in direct physical confrontations. Taft's Police Chief Walter McKee says: "Taft is notorious rough country. This is an oil town. Heck, we have a dozen fights some nights."

But the incidents that erupted on May 25 constituted far more than mere fights, a fact that Chief McKee seems to have trouble understanding. At about 5 P.M. that day, a large group of young white men confronted three blacks on Center Street. Police were called and the dispute aborted.

Little more than an hour later, the same three black athletes were walking from the apartment of one toward the college's residence hall when they were first hemmed in, then chased, by five carloads of whites. Finally sur-



Tom Kleh

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rounded, the three fought back as best they could, and a white man, Doug Henry, was shot in the neck. Joe Rhone, one of the beleaguered blacks, was swinging a case containing a shotgun when the weapon discharged, hitting Henry, who had cut Rhone in the brawl.

The three black men finally managed to escape and flee to the college's dormitory, where they called police. They were placed in protective custody. Rhone and a white man were later arrested, the former for attempted murder, the latter for disturbing the peace. Charges against Rhone were eventually dropped.

But the evening was young, and Henry's friends easily increased their number to an estimated sixty once word was passed that Doug had been "shot by a nigger." The mob stormed the campus yelling, "Kill the niggers!" Most blacks wisely hid until police could be summoned, but one football player tried to reason with the crowd, only to find himself literally running for his life until a white teammate rescued him in a car. The white athlete's action did not escape notice, and word circulated that it was us (the townies) against them (the college nigger lovers). Eventually, the black students trapped within the dorm were also taken into protective custody by police, and all thirteen of them were escorted to nearby Bakersfield.

Two days later, after many incidents in which cruising townies abused students, Dennis McCall, editor of Taft's *Daily Midway Driller*, one of Kern County's two daily newspapers, was assaulted by a local man named Rick Riddick. Townies had become incensed by McCall's report of and comments on the earlier incident, and Riddick knocked him to the ground and kicked him. Nearby students claimed they could not help McCall because one of Riddick's pals held a gun on them.

Riddick was arrested three days after the attack, and eventually convicted of assault and battery, fined $250 and expenses, and placed on probation. He would certainly have received a stiffer sentence, given the community indignation at his actions, but McCall, knowing that Riddick had a wife and two children, asked that he not be jailed.

Riddick's response to McCall's generosity reveals much about both the limited insight and unlimited self-pity that characterized many of the whites involved. "Hell, it wasn't nothin' but a fist fight," he is reported to have said. "He told 'em not to put me in jail, and when someone has that much stroke, you know what that can do." One sad characteristic of the rowdies is that many remain convinced that *they* are victims. Because many of them weren't sufficiently bright or motivated to make it through school, because others weren't swift or supple enough to excel at athletics, because they found themselves denied even the illusion that they were intrinsically superior to blacks, they cracked.

And here, at last, is the heart of Taft's problems. How does a community—especially one with Taft's past—reach people whose self-concept is so blurred that they lash out like frightened animals? The men who perpetrated Taft's terror of late May probably are not evil, though their actions were. They are frustrated, perhaps uncomprehending products of an upwardly mobile society in which they have ceased to move; like men stuck in quicksand, they flail out in desperation, and their actions harm not only their community but the nation as well.

By the time Riddick was convicted, only six of sixty dormitory students remained at Taft College. Many others refused to return to campus and subject themselves to further abuse. College officials acted quickly, making arrangements for students who would not return to campus to take final examinations, and housing remaining dorm residents with faculty and staff personnel (many of whom then received threatening phone calls). The Westside College District board of trustees demanded a full-scale investigation by both local police and the City Council. Kern County's grand jury also began investigating.

As more and more facts about the incidents became public, local opinion mounted against the white assailants. Deputy Sheriff Charles Scott, a college trustee, publicly characterized the attacks as the work of "a small segment of thugs." Taft College dean of students, Ray Matthai, told a large audience at a public meeting: "We have had two nights of hell and that is an experience we don't care to go through again."

More surprising, a reaction quickly developed within the ranks of the attackers, some of whom came to see that they had been lied to and used. One young man wrote a letter to the *Midway Driller*, apologizing for his part in the violence and admitting that he had acted upon hearsay which he "later discovered was totally unfounded." Another roughneck said simply that the mob's leaders were "a bunch of losers just aching to get their asses kicked. If they weren't after coloreds, they were after hippies."

Long before national media focused attention on Taft's crisis, local people were taking steps to avert future strife. Local police approached the FBI, and word was also passed to the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. Angel Alderete of the Justice Department promised after visiting Taft, "Law-enforcement officials and interested folk are going to see that this doesn't happen again." His department will send a community relations team, and has offered to help develop a contingency plan for reintegration. To the toughs who created the problem Alderete's comments were direct and low key: ". . . this is not going to be allowed."

Local law-enforcement officers, stung and confused by the criticism they have received, say they know who the troublemakers are and are ready for them. "We weren't prepared for the trouble when it started," acknowledged Deputy Sheriff Scott; "I think we can guarantee protection now." Moreover, both the FBI and the Justice Department also know who the troublemakers are, and exactly where to look if there are further problems. Doug Henry's disingenuous prediction—"If they [blacks] come back . . . somebody is going to get killed"—widely reprinted in the press, promises to boomerang.

Taft's police force has been especially bombarded for its slow, indecisive response to the outbreak of terrorism. Chief McKee has attempted to deflect criticism with inept explanations. He said events were "blown out of proportion," and told one reporter that Joe Rhone had been arrested because police "didn't want to be responsible for not arresting anyone." When college officials criticized police effectiveness, McKee said, "It looks like they are trying to find someone else to blame." He also admitted

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past disagreements with college officials. "The community is overreacting," he opined, "and as usual the police are to blame."

If his published statements accurately reflect McKee's perception of events, he seems unable to distinguish the qualitative difference between roughnecks tussling in a local bar and an incipient lynch mob bent on racial violence. The chief has a local reputation as a tough professional, and one has to hope that he was simply caught unprepared by May's violence, then let his mouth outrun his mind. In any case, a town with Taft's strong tax base can afford high quality law enforcement, and should move immediately in that direction.

One reaction common among Taft's citizens following the town's condemnation in the national media was defensiveness. Wrote a local man to the *Midway Driller*: "It is the kind of incident that happens many times daily in the city." He went on to blame "irresponsible news media" for having "blown the incident completely out of proportion." But such arguments, while probably heartfelt, are empty; no one with any knowledge of American history can miss the symbolic horror of a white mob running all the blacks out of town.

Moreover, it was not long before thoughtful citizens recognized and explored the real problem. Wrote Shirley M. Daly to the local newspaper: "It's true we have been shamed—not by the articles in the newspapers but by the actions of some of our citizens." In another letter to the *Driller,* Irene Ramos Fairhurst pointed out that Taft's crisis would not disappear: ". . . it's like cancer. Do you just let it alone and hope it goes away or do you get help and treat it?" In an open letter, Jerry Peavyhouse, president of the Chamber of Commerce, asked that the "whole town not be judged by the actions of a few people."

Bonnie Beaty, who has long opened her home to out-of-town athletes, examined what such youngsters bring to Taft: ". . . a different form of wealth—a richness and variety of ethnic cultures that comprise the rest of America and the world, and their unique qualities as individuals." Mrs. Beaty, who recognizes that some of Taft's problems stem from the fact that people there know so little of nonwhites, concluded by saying: "We may be a small town, but we don't have to be small-minded too."

Most significantly, perhaps, all the above listed remarks, plus many more, were published in the local newspaper. Taft's residents have not hidden behind anonymous letters, but have openly stated their opposition to mob rule. A large number of citizens have also cooperated in circulating a petition outlining to the City Council steps they feel are necessary to correct the damage.

Taft has publicly invited the thirteen black students to return, and has considerably beefed up its security. Says board president Ray Zak: "From our standpoint—even if nothing else is accomplished in the community—we will make it [the campus] a more secure and safer place for our students."

There are still rumblings in Taft's beer bars and drive-ins, where clusters of flawed people gather to assure one another that physical violence is manly and that "runnin' the niggers off" is patriotic. But no one knows better than the youthful rowdies and their middle-aged adolescent sympathizers that the town they claim to defend is against them. Taft is no guerrilla enclave of racists that will hide offenders. It is a town trying desperately to outgrow its past.

One of the first black athletes to attend Taft Junior College, Ray Stubblefield, recalls that shortly after he arrived in town during the mid-1960s, he and three other black students were accosted when they sought to attend a movie in downtown Taft. A car passed them, and its occupants commented about "niggers on the street." When the car returned, Stubblefield and friends refused to be bullied, so the white troublemakers stopped their vehicle in the middle of the street and emerged with chains and clubs. "About that time," says Stubblefield, "many of the middle-class whites from Taft—some college students—also stopped their cars. Fortunately, they came to aid us by surrounding the white troublemakers."

It wasn't Stubblefield's only trouble in Taft, but it symbolizes for him what is hopeful in the town. He felt strongly enough about it to write a long letter to the *Midway Driller* expressing one black man's faith in the good people of Taft. With the eyes of the nation on them, they may again have to surround the troublemakers, but the town's underlying social and economic problems will not be easily overcome, for they are the problems of the nation. □

JOBS: THE KEY TO RECOVERY

V. LEWIS BASSIE

Practically everybody agrees that the recession has bottomed out and some kind of upswing is getting underway. The recession has moved so fast and is so much deeper than anyone expected that the near-term recovery should be correspondingly stronger than was expected. As one analyst puts it, "You can argue about the size of the rebound, not whether there is going to be one."

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All this is essentially short-term reasoning. The meaning of the rebound is not that the problem of recession has been solved, so that unemployment can be left to take care of itself, but that we are still on the roller coaster. No single rise can tell what dips and rises lie ahead.

Trouble lies in the belief that unemployment can safely be disregarded. The administration hopes the rate will be down a little next year, but its hopeful projection gets it down only 1 percentage point, and it may be higher than this year's 9 per cent instead of lower. If the danger were merely the loss of an election, this view would not be unreasonable, only a calculated risk. But the risk is not

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measurable in an economy where so much social disintegration has already occurred.

A small item in the local paper states, "Deer poaching has increased dramatically and officials think unemployment may have something to do with it."

Need we be reminded by such straws in the wind that the potentials for misbehavior are very high? In a society that has never undertaken fully to understand the distinction between leisure and idleness, and falters in providing remedies against the latter, we can hardly afford the prospective levels of unemployment.

It is not simply a matter of numbers, though they are truly depressing, running as the rate does to 40 per cent among black teenagers. The experience of those who are unwanted, bound in paltry living, is destructive of the kind of self-image upon which the standards of community must be built. For the young, it is a catastrophe. Frustrated and feeling lost, they tend to accept the guidance of demagogues and criminals.

In Germany unemployment led to the rise of Hitler. Earlier, the great inflation of the 1920s—far beyond anything in U.S. experience—had done much to eliminate the middle classes, bankrupting many. So unemployment in the depression was the second blow of a fatal one-two punch, and it effectively completed the job.

In this country the depression spelled the end of Prohibition. Sure, there were stills, speak-easies and bootlegging in the 1920s, but they did not affect most people; the effects were less than those of the drug problem in recent years. But going into the 1930s, when unemployment steadily mounted to 12 million workers (one-fourth of the labor force), control became impossible. So many were desperate that respect for the law was eroded.

Today, politics-as-usual dominates the Washington scene, and Congress seems to have bowed to the administration's decision to accept unemployment of 8 million as tolerable. Loss of confidence in government is ignored.

The lessons of the 1930s are seemingly forgotten. By 1939, before the war had started in Europe, several points of fiscal reality had been demonstrated: pump priming does not work as a lasting solution; its effects are temporary and destabilizing. Trickle-down approaches put more strain on government finances than their contributions justify; tax reductions in particular are an inefficient means of fighting depression. Neither low interest rates nor moderate subsidies will get investment going in industries with large excess capacity. Programs that create jobs are the best remedy for unemployment.

Tax cuts give money to those who have money, and other programs have to provide funds for those who cannot pay taxes. Of course, everybody who has to pay taxes would like to have them reduced, and most are willing to argue that the inflation or recession justifies it. Currently, the figment of a capital shortage is being used to promote a variety of special deductions, credits and exclusions. The great push is for tax relief to corporations and large savers, no matter how much excess capacity they may already have. For many of them, the only incentive needed is more customers. So tax reductions may merely add to the holdings of those who are benefiting from the inflation or take some financial pressure off others who are squirming under past speculative commitments and have no current desire to invest. Treasury Secretary Simon's proposals for business tax reductions are specifically of this character; they are also inconsistent with the administration's desire to hold down the deficit.

Government resources should be used to get the maximum employment for each dollar spent. In the 1930s the most effective program for this purpose was the WPA. Some observers decried it as leaf raking or worse, despite the evident creativity embodied in its works all around the country. However, even if it had lacked permanent products, it made workers feel they were doing something useful. When it was built up to provide jobs for 3 million workers in 1936, recovery almost regained the 1929 peak. When it was cut back sharply at the end of that year, the economy went into a sharp relapse. When the level of jobs was restored in 1939, the economy moved to new highs.

The current need for jobs is not so great as in the 1930s, but it is urgent enough. Nevertheless, President Ford vetoed a bill that would have provided 900,000 public service and public works jobs on the basis that it was too costly ($5.3 billion). The public works programs (totaling almost $1 billion) probably should have been left out of the bill, to be judged separately on their merits, though they too would have provided some jobs.

Another veto restricted the recovery in residential construction. The energy program, too, being designed to raise prices for the sole benefit of the oil producers, will restrict travel, related activities, and other consumer purchases. These and other actions, following the temporary gains from the tax-cut bill, will add to the unemployment burden.

The need for jobs is not merely cyclical, but extends into the distant future. Emergency programs cannot remedy that need, but a rising future can only be realized by getting back on the path of growth. Our economy has shown a persistent trend toward shifting employment from extractive and manufacturing industries into services. Expansion of state and local government sevices has been one of the mainstays of employment growth through the long prosperity of the postwar period. Currently a turn seems to be coming, and policies are shifting fast against any increase in employment. The financial bind in which the cities find themselves makes it impossible for them to move ahead.

If there is nowhere that expansion of employment can be counted on, the growth of the labor force will pile up new peaks of unemployment. For both cyclical and growth reasons, a new program of public service job expansion will serve the country better than further tax reductions made as political gestures in an election year. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

On American Judges

THE BENCHWARMERS: The Private World of the Powerful Federal Judges. *By Joseph C. Goulden. Weybright and Talley. 375 pp. $12.50.*

JUDGES. *By Donald Dale Jackson. Atheneum Publishers. 433 pp. $10.*

JON R. WALTZ

Fast on the heels of several successful books about practicing lawyers come two books about judges. (If a book about the players will sell, why not one about the umpires?) Both are the sort of books that are usually called "journalistic" as opposed, apparently, to "serious" or "scholarly." What this means is that neither book is dull. It also means that neither volume is perfectly balanced and wholly objective. Both are mildly muckraking—mainly, one senses, because optimistic reports, not to mention laudatory ones, may sell hot cakes but not books.

Of course, books are not to be condemned out of hand because they are confined to the interestingly unfavorable aspects of their subjects. Joseph C. Goulden, for example, produces such books (his last was the best-selling *The Superlawyers*) and they are not only popular but helpfully informative, precisely because Mr. Goulden is a very good journalist indeed. Mr. Jackson's book, I think, is a slightly different matter.

Goulden's latest effort does not pretend to be a long-span history of the American judiciary. Unlike Jackson in his *Judges*, Goulden has been careful not to bite off more than can be thoroughly chewed up in a volume of sensible length: *The Benchwarmers* is a collection of vignettes each of which could stand alone but which, taken together, sketch a lopsided but nonetheless valuable picture of the contemporary federal bench. Jackson, with much the same technique, has undertaken to describe the judiciary at every level—city, county, state and federal—and the predictable result is a thin and unsatisfactory mishmash.

The Goulden book's structure is simple. It begins with a perceptive and generally discouraging chapter on the methods, heavily tinged by political expediency, that are still too often employed in selecting federal judges. The author then devotes two chapters to judges who exemplify the system at its worst and two to judges who reflect its best aspects. There is a good chapter on the important District of Columbia Court of Appeals, and then there is a final section on the thankless and infrequently undertaken task of "Judging the Judges."

Those who can recall that former President Richard M. Nixon was willing to have G. Harrold Carswell (today a part-time referee in bankruptcy in Tallahassee) sit in the seat once occupied by Oliver Wendell Holmes will know that the federal judicial selection process is an imperfect one. Readers of Goulden's initial chapter will learn how bad it can be at less visible levels than the Supreme Court. They will be reminded, and it will induce some wincing, that by and large Eisenhower made excellent judicial appointments, while Kennedy made execrable ones, especially in the South. We can thank JFK for nominating Sen. James Eastland's college roommate, William Harold Cox, for the federal bench in Mississippi, from which promontory he now stares coldly out at the "niggers" and "chimpanzees" who appear before him seeking justice.

And almost anyone can accurately guess the name of one of Goulden's two "best" judges, although readers of *The Nation* may entertain some serious reservations about the author's criteria. *The Benchwarmers* does contain the currently obligatory paean of praise for Judge John Sirica, surely the most widely known federal district judge of all time. But how many people have ever heard of Goulden's other choice for high honors, David N. Edelstein, Chief Judge in the busy Southern District of New York?

We are all conversant with Judge Sirica's solitary but substantial claim to fame and many of us, perhaps succumbing too easily to an application of the notion that good ends justify bad means, are glad enough that the Watergate mess was assigned to one of the most hard-nosed and persistent judges then sitting. And so except for some nice biographical research (the extent of the Judge's brief boxing career is cleared up; the fact that he was once an effective litigator with one of Washington's blue-chip law firms is emphasized), Goulden's Watergate chapter has a warmed-over feel to it.

Of greater interest is the author's section devoted to Chief Judge Edelstein. Based largely on interviews with him, it paints a portrait of a man who understands and likes what he is doing. Edelstein appreciates one thing that escapes weaker judges: "If I ever start trying to 'please' people when I'm deciding a case, I'm not a judge, I'm something else." Jackson's *Judges*, it should be remarked, contains an illuminating chapter on another man who has a good grip on the elusive components of good judging, San Francisco's Alfonso Zirpoli.

Of Goulden's two chapters entitled "When the System Flops," one is itself a flop and one hits its highly vulnerable target. The flop is his section on the federal bench in Chicago, about which I know something. Goulden's reportage is badly out of focus, picturing a number of judges, two of whom are no longer on fully active status, who date from the days when former Sen. Paul Douglas was letting the Daley machine dictate judicial recommendations. To write in 1975 that the appointment of Abraham Marovitz, a protégé of Machinist First Class Jacob Arvey, is "typical of how judges get on the federal bench in Chicago" is wildly inaccurate. With half a dozen nonpolitical recommendations, Douglas's successor, Charles H. Percy, has long since transformed Chicago's federal bench into one of the country's most illustrious. But Goulden is clearly justified in devoting another chapter to the shameful circumstance that the more than slightly daffy Stephen S. Chandler got on the bench in Oklahoma City and promptly began abusing the considerable powers that devolve upon federal judges.

Goulden's chapter on a reviewing court is concerned with the one having the most interesting business and the most temperamental members this side of the Supreme Court. The Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia is in one respect a sort of miniature Supreme Court because it has jurisdiction over appeals from the rulings of federal regulatory agencies. It has long been presided over by one of the most fascinating and controversial personalities ever to don judicial robes, David L. Bazelon, whose liberal stance has divided his own court into warring factions.

The chapter on "Judging the Judges" tells us what we know: there has never been devised an effective method for controlling the extrajudicial conduct of judges with lifetime appointments. Implicit in this conclusion is that Presidents and Senators

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must take care to populate the bench with the best men and women who are willing to serve. Beyond that, we can only pray that the appointees will heed Goulden's concluding admonition: "The time has come for judges to realize that, while they occupy the judiciary, they do not own it."

If you want to read two useful books on judges, read these two. If you want to read one, read Goulden's. But as you do, keep in mind what neither author says about federal judges—that they are, in the main, men and women of admirable competence and character who daily deal with vexingly complex and consequential problems which they cannot avoid resolving, all for an annual salary so mean as to evidence further their devotion to public service. □

A Forest of Fictions

THE EBONY TOWER. *By John Fowles. Little Brown and Co. 312 pp. $7.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

John Fowles's book is neither a collection of stories nor a novel but a forest of intertwining fictions where the quest to define one's existence becomes entangled with the bolder questions of whether the modern writer is capable any longer of rendering such quests meaningful. The book, in short, is about art and life; and while this should come as no surprise to readers of *The Collector, The Magus* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, what is surprising is that Fowles has suppressed the capitals "A" and "L" to make both seem, if not always apprehensible, then less hermetic or recondite. Save for his brilliant and disciplined translation of one of Marie de France's *Lais de Bretagne*, the remaining four pieces in *The Ebony Tower* are confrontations with here-and-now experiences just off tangent to the commonplace, but scarcely devious and, if we are still susceptible of learning about life and art, true.

Whatever truths Fowles believes still pertain are palatably dispensed in the long title story that sets the tone of the volume. David Williams, a successful young abstractionist and art critic, travels to a Brittany *manoir* to interview a famous expatriate artist, Henry Breasley, as preparation for writing an introduction to his work. Williams finds the eccentric septuagenarian to be vulgar, amoral (two nubile art students minister to his needs), lecherous, egotistical and reactionary, and living in total contradiction to Williams' own cautious, rational and comfortable way of life. Though Breasley is about as articulate as Alfred Jingle when he is sober—"Bloody geometry. No good. Won't work. All tried it. Down the hole."—and completely but prophetically unintelligible when drunk, his canvases, wild fusions of fantasy and reality, speak genius and immortality while Williams' merely whimper talent and voguishness. When Williams returns to his conventional marriage and to the safe, sterile art world of London, "orbiting in frozen space," he has missed not only a grand passion and the chance to learn the master's lesson but the "chance of a new existence." He is overcome by a Jamesian sense of vastation and the revelation of "what he was born, still was, and always would be: a decent man and eternal also-ran."

Like Nicholas Urfe of *The Magus* and Charles Smithson of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Williams is a representative man of his times, balancing on a tightrope between acceptance and rebellion, uncomfortable with the choices Fowles allows all his characters; eventually he discovers that if he fails to change from stereotype to individual it is because he lacks the guts, not the freedom to do so. Or, as he reflects on the last pages of "The Ebony Tower":

> One killed all risk, one refused all challenge, and so one became an artificial man. The old man's secret, not letting anything stand between self and expression; which wasn't a question of outward artistic aims, mere styles and techniques and themes. But how you did it; how wholly, how bravely you faced up to the constant recasting of yourself.

Fowles's suggestion—that form and content are separable both for life and art—has a further twist in "The Enigma." A bright-as-a-penny police sergeant, Michael Jennings, is assigned to discover the whereabouts of an M.P., John Marcus Fielding. After inquiries, interviews and some Holmesian ratiocination, Jennings turns up twenty clues connected with Fielding's disappearance—but no Fielding. Indeed Fielding never is found; but as Isobel Dodgson, a sexually, intellectually alluring would-be writer and girl friend of Fielding's son, convinces Jennings, he did not intend to be. To assert the freedom he never enjoyed as an undistinguished politician, a dull and respectable financier and a pillar of society, he simply walked out. All his life, she tells Jennings, "he's like something written by someone else, a character in fiction. Everything is planned. Mapped out. He's like a fossil—while he's still alive." Walking out confers on him a kind of immortality. "Nothing lasts like a mystery."

Thus the enigma of the disappearance turns out to be no enigma at all, or rather shifts to the higher-gear enigma of life imitating art, since Isobel rehearses her conjectures as though writing a detective story. The further enigma, however, is the form of the story, which has all the earmarks of a neat and tidy whodunit until Fowles recalls us to the messy open-endedness of reality: almost the same sort of thing he did with *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, except that instead of giving us three alternative endings he gives us Michael and Isobel dining and hopping into bed—ergo, no ending at all. The voice of the writer and the freedom of his fictions admit of all possibilities or no possibility, for to seek the real in the imagined, or the imagined in the real, is one and the same.

Fowles is not unaware of the risks he runs in playing character against plot in this fashion, though he definitely casts his lot with the Breasleys of the world and not the Williamses by risking all. Witness "The Cloud," a very risky story, but perhaps the most ingenious, skirting close enough to fantasy to be *fabliau* or allegory, but equally grounded in real time and place and activity: late May, central France, a family picnic. The literal, though "mysterious," cloud lends substance to the scene, coming in at the end to cover the sun and momentarily blight the happy day of the picnickers. But it is symbolic, metaphoric, too, shadowing the very existence of one of the group, Kate, whose husband has (apparently) just died, and who moves about zombie-like, inevitably to commit suicide before the story ends, and before either the reader or those in the story are aware of it.

But the cloud *is* the tale as well, changing its shape from moment to moment. Fowles paints the opening scene as a Courbet, only to tell us that the modern clothes of the eight characters clash with the setting. Then we are introduced to a dialogue with Peter and Paul who are not the apostles but merely a TV producer and a writer; we are not *in paradiso* although one of the characters says we are, but we are in a post-lapsarian Edenic retreat from an "urban and synthetic age" because snakes wriggling about symbolically suggest we are. Fowles begins the story in the narrative past but after a page and a half switches to the narrative present, shuttlecocking between tenses until—when we finally penetrate the mind of the dying Kate—the tenses fuse. Here again is Fowles's refusal to pin down reality, his belief that the novelist is the last person who should pin it down. Reality—if we can speak of it in the singular—is protean and evanescent: that is, mighty, like a cloud,

Robert Morris' most recent book is a study of V.S. Naipaul, Paradoxes of Order (*University of Missouri Press*).

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recasting itself into many forms, yet all the while maintaining its elemental nature.

Fowles's correlation of this with fiction and with the characters of his fiction was patent before the writing of *The Ebony Tower,* but never so neatly punctuated or underlined. Williams, who has doubts about the representational and intrinsic value of modern art, turns out to have anticipated the philosophy of the entire volume:

> It was not just his own brand of abstraction that was at fault, but the whole headlong postwar chain, abstract expressionism, neo-primitivism, Op Art and pop art, conceptualism, photorealism . . . *il faut couper la racine,* all right. But such rootlessness, orbiting in frozen outer space, cannot have been meant. They were like lemmings, at the mercy of a suicidal drive, seeking *Lebensraum* in an arctic sea; in a bottomless night, blind to everything but their own illusion.

Defying "obstructionism" (obtuse concern with abstraction), Fowles rebels against the idea of being one more of the blind leading the blind. Though he may have severed many of the roots connecting his work to the traditional novel, he has never lost sight of the success of the truly great novels in being able to create illusion without sacrificing reality—or, for that matter, the other way round. Fowles's intent as a novelist, and as a writer of these fictions, is to strike the sane balance between art and life at a time when both seem vulnerable to excess, and neither seems susceptible to control. Perhaps only when art descends from the ebony tower will it be able to light up Fowles's cheerless "bottomless night" and once more tell us, as it has in the past, something about life. □

Looking Back, Looking Forward

OR ELSE: Poem/Poems, 1968-1974. *By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 102 pp. Limited edition $17.50. Cloth $6.95.*

1933. *By Philip Levine. Atheneum Publishers. 68 pp. Paper $3.95.*

YOU ARE HAPPY. *By Margaret Atwood. Harper & Row. 96 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.95.*

CHERYL WALKER

Robert Penn Warren has been with us a long time, and his new book of poems *Or Else* is not really new. Nor is it an alternative, as its title implies. It is instead a logical extension of the poet's career, which has been wise, humane and full of good storytelling.

But lately our established poets have taken to a kind of stuttering. Robert Lowell keeps re-releasing his *Notebook* poems, designing for these old campaigns new covers such as *History.* We confront a reassortment of an old assortment. After years spent on revelation, these poets seem on the verge of confessing that particular truths don't stick, and, like the circles of Scotch tape on the back of the poster, they must be renewed periodically.

This is especially true of those who have put themselves together in their poems—after, of course, taking themselves apart. Robert Penn Warren has created for himself a unique poetic persona, made up of the philosopher, raconteur, scholar, Southern gentleman and man of the people. So in this new book we have ballads about rednecks interspersed with philosophical interjections with titles like "Solipsism and Theology." The poet is careful to refit these masks as styles change.

But this collection is primarily backward-looking. The poet asks, have I learned how to live?—while demonstrating quite convincingly that he has indeed made his peace with life. In fact, he can spot the universal reinforcing moment when the grandfather clock pauses and before the second hand jumps to its next position: then, "slick as a mink's prick, Time/ thrusts through the time/ of no-Time."

How sane and how trusting Warren seems, as he says:

> *All items listed above belong in the world*
> *In which all things are continuous,*
> *And are parts of the original dream which*
> *I am now trying to discover the logic of. This*
> *Is the process whereby pain of the past in its pastness*
> *May be converted into the future tense*
>
> *Of joy.*

But perhaps this voice is one of those ephemeral childlike voices which belong to the poet at a particular moment as he is looking back on his innocence. For actually, Warren's style is that of a man as loose-lipped and canny as an old horse, one eye on the distant mountain passes and the other on the corral. His lines are baggy, with real dirt in the creases, but somehow too comfortable, too tailored by time and sitting, to cause much commotion.

F.O. Matthiesson wrote in 1952 that Robert Penn Warren "has devoted his attention to crowding his lines with the greatest specific gravity they will bear." Nevertheless, these lines have the flexibility of a man who has over many years found his true voice. It is unfortunate that by the time a poet has found his "true voice," idiosyncratic and full of continuity as our own inner speech, there are relatively few who are still eager to listen. It was the process of locating that voice that was interesting.

Warren has managed to slip into his private dialect expressions of Whitman, Hopkins, Ransom and Berryman. Why is his voice somehow less insistent, less marked, than theirs?

> *Now*
> *Here stare westward, and hear only*
> *The movement of darkening water, and from*
> *Whatever depth of being I am, ask*
> *To be made worthy of my human failures and folly, and*
> *Worthy of my human ignorance and anguish, and of*
> *What soul-stillness may be achieved as I*
> *Stand here with the cold exhalation of snow*
> *Coiling high as my knees.*

Warren's language has changed over the years, and now he writes of Flaubert in Egypt performing cunnilingus and cherishing his chancre. His evocations of Southern violence are finally expressions of the *Zeitgeist,* reminding us of *Easy Rider* and *Macon County Line.* But really Warren is not a man of the 1970s. For one thing, he is still hanging on to his patriarchal myths. In "Birth of Love," we find the courtly gentleman, with his delicate taste for voyeurism, watching naked Venus. His desire to dominate is only partly concealed under his reverence:

> *Suspended in his darkling medium, stares*
> *Upward where, though not visible, he knows*
> *She moves, and in his heart he cries out that, if only*
> *He had such strength, he would put his hand forth*
> *And maintain it over her to guard, in all*
> *Her out-goings and in-comings, from whatever*
> *Inclemency of sky or slur of the world's weather*
> *Might ever be.*

For all his failings, however, Warren is a defensible poet as *Or Else* is a defensible book. It can, for instance, be

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read as a rhapsody on time: "that howling orthodoxy of/ darkness that, like speed-hurled rain on/ glass, streams past us." That I cannot find much pleasure in such reading must mean that I am the fury sent to curse the venerable poet in his declining years. If so, I must bear my guilt like a scholar, I who grew up with his textbook in High School English.

To move from Robert Penn Warren's *Or Else* to Philip Levine's *1933* is to shift from a rural to an urban landscape. Here everything means more than it means not in the way of eternal verities but in the way of Detroit junkyards burning souls black beyond recognition. Suddenly there are people going to work, a poor couple driving across Ohio eating cold candy bars; there are rats and all-night car lots. "A strange star/ is born one more time."

Although Levine's landscapes are apt to be grimier than Warren's, the pace of his poems quicker, less reminiscent, Levine is also looking backward here. Like Warren, he too is retracing his steps in hope of finding "the sacraments we waited for," which, however, in Levine's world cannot be recaptured between ticks of the clock. Instead they

go gray
little flat sacks of refuse
and no one can look
or look away

I must say that I don't find this book as impressive as Levine's last collection, *They Feed They Lion*. Nothing here so good as that "Salami," made of:

Stomach of goat, crushed
sheep balls, soft full
pearls of pig eyes,
. . . . . .
mountain thyme, basil,
paprika, and knobs of garlic.
And if a tooth of stink thistle
pulls blood from the round
blue marbled hand
all the better for
this ruby of Pamplona,
this bright jewel of Vich,
this stained crown
of Solsona, this
salami.

Too much of *1933* is an exploration of territory already explored. Haven't we all had those strange, difficult fathers, those mothers trapped in strange difficulties? Why didn't they teach us more about ourselves then? Why can't they teach us more now?

But where Levine is good in this book, in "Grandmother in Heaven," for instance, or "Ruth" or "Death Bearing," he fulfills the promise of *They Feed They Lion*. His shuttle passes outward toward pattern, toward destiny, and turns back, catching at the knot in the silk. He is always specific but never trivial. His incidents capture in a small space with unusual power both Warren's mysterious experiential hover and the hawk-like snap of the vertebrae so characteristic of contemporary poets. Here is the end of "Goodbye," which describes a little boy's confrontation with death, his waking to the presence of uncles and cousins, "all the beds empty and made/ but mine." We never know precisely who it is who has died, but Mama—"with long black gloves/ coming out of her sleeves/ and a black fox/ stiffening at her throat" says: "'The good die young.'" After the boredom and strain of the funeral, in the first light of the following day:

I opened my eyes
and the gauze curtains
were streaming.
"Come here," the sparrow said.
I went. In the alley below
a horse cart piled with bags,
bundles, great tubs of fat,
brass lamps the children broke.
I saw the sheenie-man pissing
into a litle paper fire
in the snow, and laughed.
The bird smiled. When I unlatched
the window the bird looked back
three times over each shoulder
then shook his head.
He was never coming back inside,
and rose in a shower
of white dust above
the blazing roofs
and telephone poles.

It meant a child
would have to leave the world.

In her latest book of poems, *You Are Happy*, the Canadian writer Margaret Atwood also finds archetypal meaning in small events. The mythological explorations which gave her novel *Surfacing* its weight now become informing motifs in the poetry. Looking at these books by three such different writers, it is almost eerie to notice the way in which ritual is taking hold everywhere.

Robert Penn Warren's rites are the least frightening. In "Remarks of Soul to Body," Soul says:

We'll sit by the fire and talk things
over, remark
The baroque ironies of Time, exchange
Some childhood anecdotes, then on to
the usual topics,
The death of the novel, the plight of
democracy, and naturally, Vietnam.
But let us note, too, how glory, like
gasoline spilled
On the cement in a garage, may flare,
of a sudden, up,

In a blinding blaze, from the filth of
the world's floor.

Compare to this Atwood's "Eating Fire," section iii.

Here the children have a custom. After
the celebration of evil they take those
vacant heads that shone once with such
anguish and glee and throw them over
the bridge, watching them smash,
orange, as they hit below. We were
standing underneath when you told it.
People do that with themselves when
they are finished, light scooped out. He
landed here, you said, marking it with
your foot.

You wouldn't do it that way, empty,
you wouldn't wait,
you would jump with the light still in
you.

Warren invokes the Dionysian flare as a remedy, a dose of carbon to be administered when Reason becomes too predictable. Atwood repeatedly shows us what she has seen in that demonic flare which makes all experience significant, even in a strange way beautiful. This is at last a book which one can say unconditionally represents growth for the poet. Compared to *Power Politics*, with its clipped, ironic diction, these poems seem radiant. They have warmth, they have wit, they have scope.

There are two long sequences in *You Are Happy*: "Songs of the Transformed" and "Circe/Mud Poems." Both are full of interesting verses but the latter sequence is especially effective because of the fresh face it gives to feminist insights. The speaker in all of the poems is Circe herself. She is a wise woman and an ancient healer.

I spend my days with my head pressed
to the earth, to stones, to shrubs, collecting the few muted syllables left
over; in the evenings I dispense them,
a letter at a time, trying to be fair, to
the clamouring supplicants, who have
built elaborate staircases across the
level ground so they can approach me
on their knees. Around me everything
is worn down, the grass, the roots, the
soil, nothing is left but the bared rock.

Come away with me, he said, we will
live on a desert island.
I said, I am a desert island. It was not
what he had in mind.

There is something Kafkaesque about the long description, but the last two lines are pure Atwood.

Atwood has always denied that her poems were blows struck for the women's movement, and she has a right to claim for them a wider range than politics, when politics is narrowly defined. Circe asks Ulysses:

Don't you get tired of killing
those whose deaths have been predicted
and are therefore dead already?

Don't you ever get tired of wanting
to live forever?

Don't you get tired of saying Onward?

Although this poem has definite impli-

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cations for patriarchal myths of masculinity, this could be the poet speaking to a previous generation of writers, to Robert Penn Warren, say.

For several years I have been feeling that the old roles for male and female poets were beginning to be reversed. Whereas female voices used to be the ones proclaiming renunciation while male voices urged us to be curious and to experiment, it now seems that male poets rehearse the themes of lost innocence, of devouring time and the need for redemption, of evil turning up like a bad penny in the sugar bowl. Women poets are the ones on the *qui vive* now, and it is from them, I think, that we can expect the most interesting work in the 1970s. Might we see guilt displaced from its position as a major poetic theme? If so, it is likely to be women, coming to terms with their rights and responsibilities, who will displace it. Margaret Atwood gives us the formula.

Last year I abstained
this year I devour

without guilt
which is also an art □

In the American Grain

A MORE GOODLY COUNTRY: A Personal History of America. *By John Sanford. Horizon Press. 285 pp. $12.95.*

PAUL L. MARIANI

In this, our Bicentennial year, with the celebrations marking the anniversaries of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill already behind us, we can continue to expect all sorts of special attention focused on our no longer youthful history. There have already been special issues of magazines, journals and newspapers, as well as an assortment of television specials, devoted to the "meaning" of the American experience. That is as it should be. And yet one very important literary work, dealing in a serious, deeply considered and profoundly imaginative way with just that issue, has entered the arena so modestly among these more widely publicized events that, like so much else that is truly in the American grain, it is in danger of being overlooked while all the hoopla goes merrily on its way.

Not that John Sanford's *A More Goodly Country: A Personal History of America* was written with our public celebrations in mind. For this book has been so deeply meditated, the events of our collective and personal history so carefully considered and weighed, that it is surely the product, not of months but of long years. The book is constructed of some 200 independent sections of prose executed in so masterful a manner, so extraordinary in lyric intensity, so without slack or even brief sketches of uninspired writing, that one discovers very early on that he is reading a prose epic of America. Sanford has touched on our story from its earliest beginnings, with Leif Ericson landing in his battered ships in a place he calls Vinland, going on to that moment in mid-1945 when Truman gave the signal to create instant nuclear Armageddon over Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Admittedly, I was initially attracted to Sanford's book by a blurb William Carlos Williams must have written years ago. And since, as Hugh Kenner has said, Williams is, along with Whitman, one of the two most influential figures in shaping a specifically American poetry and poetics, I was drawn to see what could have prompted him—generous as he was with praise—to say of Sanford's writing that he had never "seen better work," and to call that work "enviable." I now see why Williams spoke so highly of Sanford, for here is writing that is rare in our country, limited indeed to the acknowledged masters. In fact, *A More Goodly Country* is as good in its own way as Williams' classic, *In the American Grain* (1925).

I have dwelt on Williams because, though Sanford does not treat him directly here, he has dedicated his work to Williams' memory and, moreover, it will be clear to anyone who has read *In the American Grain* that that book has seeped into Sanford's creative consciousness. I do not mean to imply that Sanford's history is in any sense narrowly derivative (it is not) but to suggest that if you want a book with which to compare Sanford's in terms of imaginative power, moral insight and historical and sociological scope, you will have to turn to *In the American Grain* rather than something like Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*. Nor is Sanford eclipsed by Williams' presence, for *A More Goodly Country* clearly extends the possibilities of that most treacherous of genres, impressionistic history, extends Williams' own experiments both in terms of lyric intensity (for Sanford has in effect written a prose-poem epic), as well as in terms of the magnitude of its historical vision.

Impressionistic overviews of American history pose tremendous temptations to the writer, whatever his particular stylistic strategies, with the result that only a handful have succeeded in using this most difficult form successfully. Despite its "personal" nature, there must be no touch of the superfluous, so that every stroke, every aesthetic and moral judgment, counts in the creation of the epic canvas. And Sanford's prose is at once so rich and so controlled that one finds oneself reading over again whole sections of this book for the delight of experiencing again a panorama of styles as diverse as the sprawling, nondescript, demon-ridden place we call America. Few writers have been able to do what Sanford has done here so consummately—

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caught on page after page the life of so many of the men and women and events that make up the thick impasto of our history, caught them in a gesture, a phrase, in a style large enough to contain the whole range of our feelings from black comedy to pathos in this plaint for ourselves, for our promise, lost and lost again, yet still perhaps not irrevocably gone.

In sharp, brilliant flakes of history, Sanford shows us as we have always been, shows us the cruelty, the arrogant self-righteousness which led us into our own special mode of graceless imperialism, the assumptions of a sense of superiority in our dealings with the stranger within our borders, and then, as we grew, with those others outside, as our Indian wars have expanded to include Vietnam. There is, however, a counter-strain in Sanford as in Williams: a song for those American "failures" who, really, are this land's salt. And here the tradition seems to rest with those who have come from among the off-scourings: the despised, the rejected, those countless figures who did for others, who did what good they could simply because it lay there to be done. In this unfolding of our history, Sanford sketches for us the famous and the infamous, explorers and statesmen, religious and military leaders, victors and victims, writers and painters, the man on the street and underdogs of every description, all presented with a remarkable precision and unsentimental clarity. Here the most unlikely characters appear side by side: Columbus and Coronado; the dwarf anti-slavery Quaker, Lay, and Hawthorne's Pearl; Eugene Debs and Tom Mooney; Paine and Chivington of the Sand Creek massacres; Boss Tweed and Josiah Willard Gibbs; Isadora Duncan and the Molly Maguires; Teddy Roosevelt and Pancho Villa; Charlie Chaplin and Ezra Pound—all amidst the dazzle of a thousand thousand facts, a lifetime's gleanings from our history.

Here, for example, is New York harbor in 1893, as it might have looked to any of the immigrants streaming in from Eastern Europe, as with the case of one Herschel Gruenberg:

> Below him, the river swirled the long green hair of the piling. In the current, fractions of the new world flowed, fingernails, wax, phlegm and embryos, blood, sweat salts, bile pigment, urinary sugar, schools of rubber fish, and, under all, a silt of melted stools. It was as if he were entering a house by way of its outfall, and passing in small installments were its cast and spew, its rot, its day- and night-soil, its eaten and its not, and now and then a cork went by, riding high and heading back to Spain.

Or consider this passage, and the irreducible something that brought this country through to independence, despite the military superiority of the British, the general incompetence and arrogance of our own leaders and the daily desertions in our makeshift Army. Here is Sanford's re-creation of that mythic moment when Washington crossed the Delaware, a re-creation which acts as a healthy corrective to the "official" version:

> With such, poltroons all, the C.-in-C. [Washington] had to cross McConkey's Ferry on Christmas night and try to bag Rall and his Hessians. Once over, they had nine white miles to Trenton, but the boozing snakefucking bastards made it, and even as the legend goes, they left bloody tracks in the snow. They lost four men to wounds (none died), but of the fancy-Dan Dutch-

Three Poems by Hank Lazer

MOUTH TO MOUTH

When your voice is most honest
will you speak to others,
your delicate words airborne
veins being breathed
into minute autumn leaves?

sounds are woven into your bones
and into the orange berries
the birds come hunting

speak mouth to mouth
and you can feel the birds
tugging at the berries,
the wind in your bones,
the gentle wave of sap
receding through the leaves

and the birds' wings
flapping on both sides
of your lips
for a moment lifting us up,
a cup suddenly offered
to the smiling mouth of darkness,

a darkness we could not cross
though we shook like stars
furious with light.

FIXING THE ANTENNA

He climbs a ladder
to fix the antenna
partly because he wants

better reception and partly
because he must risk
the climb, must chance

the degree of his balance.
As he ascends, the weeds
in the grass seem distant

as stars, the air
around him turns to water
and above him are dark

ships with strange hulls.
It is no longer
his balance being

tested. He stares
straight ahead
at the passing ships,

and wanders in their wake.

EACH TIME YOU FORGET

Each time
you forget the names
of the heads of state
rust flies from
the old park statues,
the great men find
their feet and leave.

Each time
you forget what day it is
pale women leave their shyness
with the flour and sugar.
Shyness crouches
beneath the whiteness.

Each time
you forget your name
new fleets of butterflies
begin their migration.

Each time
you forget the
proper name of a tree
the leaves become
tongues and talk to you
like the distant
ringing of bells.

Each time you forget,
there is more
not less,
your back grows,
the lake freezes,
you can walk across.

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men, some nine hundred never saw home. Among the dead was Colonel Rall . . . and though they buried him there at Trenton, his grave was never found. *Fifty thousand pounds should not induce me again to undergo what I have done,* the C.-in-C. said.

On page after page, the evidence for Sanford's vision of America is assembled, until it finally whelms one beyond dismissal, as the style itself compels acceptance. Countering the easy rhetorical sonorities that we have so often had doled out to us, Sanford see in those frozen soldiers at Valley Forge, in all those generations of slaves and immigrants, in figures like Sacco and Vanzetti and the forgotten Debs, the stuff that would make, was in fact making, for a more goodly country.

Consider, finally, what yield Sanford gets in his description of the felling of a giant sequoia exactly 100 years ago!

> All day and part of the night, flakes of history flew, and time ran backward as the evergreen's time ran out. . . . King John signed a screed in a Surrey meadow, a Crusade began and failed, and heartwood grown when Rome was sacked scaled through later air. The wafer was taken by Constantine, and seven miles from Naples, a spew of cinders, stone, and ash. . . . The tree went down as the fourth week ended, crown, trunk, butt, and all. At the core of the stump, a sliver was left, a spicule as old as the Calvary cross. In a moment, the man would break it off and use it to pick his teeth.

In that image of our arrogance, our ignorant overreaching, that indiscriminate hacking of our own past to pieces; in that striding over the plundered body of yet another of those beautiful things freely given us: the image of ourselves. Sanford has pieced together, with remarkable clarity and long-patient anger, some of the fragments that constitute our history into this cubist epic, this bittersweet *Kaddish.* It is a rare gift he offers us: a chance to better know ourselves, to discover the place in which we find ourselves, to see it as if for the first time with the sudden comprehension of a vivid dream. □

The Italian-Americans

BLOOD OF MY BLOOD: The Dilemma of the Italian-Americans. *By Richard Gambino. Doubleday & Co. 350 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.50.*

ROBERT W. GREENE

This book succeeds magnificently as the testimony of an individual Italian-American, and is at the same time one of the most important studies published so far in the current revival of interest in white ethnicity, or the "new ethnicity," as this phenomenon has come to be called. The author, Richard Gambino, who is chairman of the Department of Italian-American Studies at Queens College, has tackled a subject about which he has the deepest personal feelings and sense of commitment, and yet has managed to write an essentially scholarly work, and a first-rate one at that. The persuasive power of *Blood of My Blood,* in fact, derives in large part from the way in which the author's involvement with his subject breathes life into potentially dry socio-historical analysis.

Gambino's main thesis runs something like this: Italian-American young people of today, predominantly third and fourth generation in the New World, are suffering from a profound identity crisis. On the conscious level they know they are Italian only because their last name ends in a vowel. However, they *sense* they are Italian in other ways too, but have no notion of how to find out what these other ways might be. To compound their confusion, they are inhibited, by the melting-pot myth especially, from even trying to probe their specificity as particular hyphenated Americans. This state of affairs has prevented most Italian-Americans from developing the healthy ego that is necessary for success and self-fulfillment in America. Taking a long look at his kinsmen, Gambino sees extreme diffidence verging on paralysis, accompanied by a vague but pervasive sense of shame. *Blood of My Blood* represents first and foremost one Italian-American's attempt to inform his fellows about whence they came, about what their parents and grandparents experienced, valued and yearned for in the Old Country and in the New. In so doing Gambino hopes to put the present generation of Italian-Americans in touch with what he calls "their own ethnic personality centers," and thus to give them a measure of control, through knowledge and understanding, of their psyches and, ultimately, of their lives.

Translated from the Sicilian phrase *sangu de me sangu,* the book's title, according to Gambino, points directly to the structuring ethos of Southern Italy and of Italo-America as well, since 85 to 90 per cent of Italian-Americans trace their ancestry to the six provinces located south of Rome. The people of this region, commonly referred to as the Mezzogiorno, survived a nightmarish history of repeated invasions, centuries of foreign domination and perennial exploitation by turning inward and devising over many generations a complex code of ethics and behavior. This largely unspoken set of rules has been dubbed (by Gambino and others) *l'ordine della famiglia.* A human network consisting of blood relations tied together by a rigorous system of rights and duties, and anchored outside the family through the custom of *comparaggio* or godparenthood, constituted the one social entity to which the beleaguered peasant of the Mezzogiorno gave his allegiance. Among other things, Gambino's book is an examination of *l'ordine della famiglia,* of how it shaped the character and personality of the Southern Italian, and more especially of the ways in which it has both protected and shackled the Italian-American.

The most suggestive pages in *Blood of My Blood* fuse history with anthropology as a means of uncovering the basic

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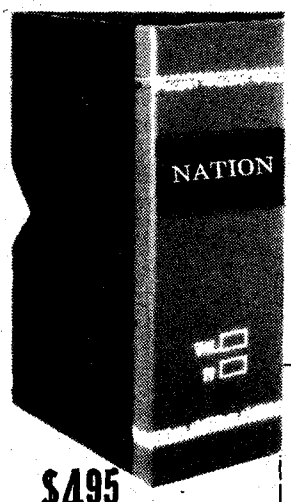

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structure of the Southern Italian family. Three thematically linked chapters are particularly noteworthy in this regard: "The Family System," *"L'Uomo di Pazienza*—The Ideal of Manliness" and *"La Serietà*—The Ideal of Womanliness." Introduced in the first of these chapters and elaborated upon in the other two is the key notion that among Southern Italians the father is the head of the family, the ultimate upholder of *la via vecchia*, the old way, while the mother is the family's radiant heart, the provider in all situations of warm, life-sustaining care. What these chapters give us is a remarkably nuanced portrait of two distinct but interdependent hierarchies, the one patriarchal and facing outward to the world beyond the front door, the other matriarchal and presiding over the private, day-to-day functioning and rituals of the home. Together with the crucial distinction Gambino draws between Hispanic *machismo* and the Mezzogiorno manly virtue of *pazienza* (which, as it turns out, is close to the French ideal of *mesure*), his analysis of Southern Italian family life alone would qualify his book as required reading for anyone interested in cultural pluralism in America.

Gambino saves his most broadly valuable distinction for the concluding chapter, entitled "What It Means to Be Italian-American in Today's United States," where he contrasts chauvinistic ethnocentrism with creative ethnicity:

> Tribalistic, chauvinistic ethnocentrism provides a strong sense of identity and security. . . .But it is a stunted identity, a false security, and a potentially disastrous guide for human relations. . . .The ethnic chauvinist is conformist, obstreperous, uncritical of himself or his group, overwrought, pugnacious, prejudicially critical of those outside the group. . . .The creative ethnicist, on the other hand, uses his ethnic background as a point of departure for growth rather than as proof of his worth. By inquiry and reflection, he shapes his identity by building upon inherited ethnic characteristics he judges to be valuable. . . . In shaping a true identity, he gains insight into himself. . . .He also learns to appreciate how the identities of other groups are formed and to respect their different inheritances.

It is observations and discriminations such as these that make *Blood of My Blood* a model of perception and good will for all proponents of the "new ethnicity." □

SEPARATION

In
The
Space
Between

My
Shadow
And
Yours

Danced
The
Yellow
Feather
Shield.

O
Woman,
When
You
Left
This
Circle
For
The
Mirror,
Hummingbird
Ran
Away

With
My
Hands.

Duane Niatum

Law: The Cherokees' Experience

FIRE AND THE SPIRITS: Cherokee Law from Clan to Court. *By Rennard Strickland. University of Oklahoma Press. 280 pp. $9.95.*

JERRY MUSKRAT

The law has been both lance and shield for the American Indian in his attempts not only to protect himself and his culture from white encroachment but also to advance Indian interests in the dominant white society. For the Cherokees, the solution to the dilemma of reaching accommodation with the white man while preserving the integrity of the Indian community was to adapt the Anglo-American legal system to the needs of their own culture. In *Fire and the Spirits,* Rennard Strickland, a Cherokee himself, expands our knowledge of Indian-white relationships by describing historical events in America from the viewpoint of Indian goals and values and, specifically, by detailing the legal history of the Cherokee Nation. For the modern Indian community, then, *Fire and the Spirits* offers a model upon which to improve in future Indian-white relations. And for the Anglo-American, this well-documented and well-written study affords a view of America's failure to abide by its own laws and principles, as well as its ambivalence toward minorities shown in its encouraging the "civilizing" of the Indian people while continuously seeking their destruction by means legal and illegal.

Cherokee history, as Strickland observes, is a remarkable record of 19th-century native Americans whose very survival was constantly threatened but who were able to create, from disorganized, decentralized bands, a modern nation-state, adopt a written constitution and a democratic form of government, develop their own alphabet and become literate and educated in their own language, and establish on the American frontier a civilized society which ultimately formed the political, social and economic foundation of a new state—Oklahoma.

In this historical context *Fire and the Spirits* traces the evolution of the Cherokee legal system from the traditional blood revenge of the clan to a unique adaptation of the Anglo-American court system. Strickland claims that the following influences were responsible for that evolution: the changing economic base, reflecting changed attitudes toward the acquisition of private personal property and the agricultural use of the land; the breakdown of the traditional religious complex combined with increased missionary pressures, resulting in the rise of a secular state; the discrediting of the conservative war leadership and the withdrawal of the traditional factions from tribal affairs, opening the way for more "progressive"-minded leadership; the emergence of a mixed-blood elite; and, finally, the confiscation of Cherokee lands and the dissolution of the tribe by the American Government. Such influences led to the adoption of a policy of acculturation designed to incorporate some aspects of white culture in order to serve and preserve the ways of the Indian. That policy and the success and failure of the Cherokees' reliance on legal means are two major concerns of this book.

The history of the incorporation of Anglo-American legal concepts into tribal institutions reveals the complexity of the Cherokees' experience. Strickland notes, for example, that the bilingual character of Cherokee court proceedings facilitated a blending of the two cultures. The use of the Cherokee language within the court system was especially important, for it enabled the tribe to unite behind the legal system and assured participation in that system by all

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elements in the tribe, including fullblooded and traditionalist Cherokees. Moreover, Cherokee newspapers, *The Cherokee Phoenix* and *The Cherokee Advocate*, played important roles in this process, serving as advance sheets, treatises, law schools, court records, statute books and legal consciences. Their support of the court system was a deliberate effort at furthering their implicit purpose of elevating the level of Cherokee civilization.

Drawing upon official records and papers of the Cherokee Nation as well as original accounts by observers in the Cherokee country and official federal Indian records, Strickland has written a book the true import of which is as much practical as historical, related as it is to the continuing problem of the Indian community: how to define and manage relations with white America.

The Cherokees of the 19th century saw that change was their only hope for survival as a people. Accordingly, they adopted a system reflecting "important political, cultural, social and economic" needs of their Nation. They "copied what suited them in the laws of the whites, rejected what did not suit them, changed and modified and added to them until they obtained a system adapted to their conditions. . . ." Contrary to critical opinion in the Indian community, the Cherokees did not become "white Indians"; rather, they created a unique and useful system that adopted the external ways and trappings of the white man while internally retaining Indian values and ideals.

The result was not what the "civilizers" had expected. Instead of a poor but acceptable imitation of the white man, the Cherokees emerged as worthy adversaries, capable of demanding that their institutions be respected and that they be extended the rights to which they were entitled by law. In short, they learned too well and, consequently, white society concluded that "the monster, the Indian tribal state, had to be destroyed." The Cherokees' failure to survive as a political state was, in truth, the white man's failure or refusal to abide by his own law. Just as he put down military resistance, the white man put down the Indians' newly learned political and legal resistance.

Its historical and moral value aside, *Fire and the Spirits* is an important book, for it confronts fundamental issues. It holds out a hope that the contemporary Indian community can duplicate Cherokee successes and avoid past failures, even though the problems of the 20th-century Indian differ vastly from those of his ancestors.

Reliance on law as a means of protecting and advancing Indian interests is still a central question for those involved in contemporary Indian affairs. Law has been a traditional recourse for protecting the rights of minorities. And as the Cherokees foresaw, the struggle for the Indian cause has moved from the battlefield to the courtroom. This phenomenon is confirmed by the recent development of Indian law as a means of meeting such immediate challenges as the substantive and procedural requirements to which tribal governments are being subjected, the pressures being exerted on Indian natural resources, and interference with Indian cultural life. Whereas in the past the Indian community engaged in warfare against those who threatened it, today that community must learn to follow the Cherokees' example in using the white man's legal system to protect Indian interests. That community must strive to duplicate the Cherokees' victory and guard against their defeat. *Fire and the Spirits* tells us how to do just that. □

Japan—End of the Entente?

UNITED STATES-JAPANESE RELATIONS: The 1970's. *Edited by Priscilla Clapp and Morton H. Halperin. Harvard University Press. 234 pp. $7.95.*

NORMAN GALLO

Now that the final curtain has descended upon the long and tragic drama of U.S. involvement in Vietnam, the spotlight in the Pacific has once again shifted to that pivotal and crucial country, Japan. A story from the Knight News Service said that some top-level officials view the U.S. commitment to aid Japan as a higher priority than even its commitment to Israel. If so, it will reveal another ironic historical legacy left by the Nixon administration.

For if there is a single theme running throughout most of the essays in this book, it is that the Nixon shocks of 1971 (the announcement of the planned Nixon visit to Peking and the imposition of a surcharge on American imports) caused a profound and probably permanent change in U.S.-Japanese relations. Prof. Fuji Kamiya, one of the contributors, indicates that whether or not they were calculated slaps at Japan's long-time position of dependence upon the United States, "they did leave a deep scar on the U.S.-Japanese relationship that may never heal completely."

The rift between the two governments appeared some four years ago. Since that time Japan has exchanged ambassadors and airline agreements with the People's Republic of China. It also established diplomatic relations with North Vietnam in September 1973, and recognized the Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam just one week after the fall of Saigon. In the Mideast oil crisis of 1973, the Japanese went to great lengths to indicate the independence of their position from that of the United States.

The important question now is what kind of relationship can be envisaged between the two countries in an unpredictable and rapidly changing situation. Kiichi Saeki feels it is "necessary to adjust the contradiction between the Japanese vision and the American vision of a multipolar world." Morton Halperin agrees:

> Since the beginning of the effort to forge a new post-war relationship between the United States and Japan, leaders of the two countries have looked at the same thing and seen something totally different. The divergence in perception has in turn led to different explanations of events and different expectations of the relationship.

Central to the vision of both countries is China. Donald Hellmann points out that "in a basic sense, China and the United States hold unique and competitive places in the Japanese political consciousness." Indeed China has been the keystone of the U.S.-Japanese relationship since the 1930s.

And it is necessary to add that the Soviet Union is the fourth partner in this complex situation. One indication of the possible significance of the Russian presence is a Reuters report that Japanese fighters were ordered into the air six times in April of this year to intercept approaching Soviet reconnaissance planes.

Despite the fact that these essays (the results of five and a half years of conferences between American and Japanese scholars) were written before the two upheavals that overthrew Nixon and Tan-

Norman Gallo has contributed to The New Republic, The American Scholar, Pacific Affairs *and* Asian Forum.

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aka, the warnings and possibilities they present are still relevant. The ending of the American obsession with Vietnam has already brought about large and irreversible changes in U.S.-Japanese relations. Halperin warns that "the only remotely plausible change in the current alignment of nations that would threaten the security of the United States is for Japan to become hostile." That such an eventuality is not wholly implausible is suggested by Edwin Reischauer, the eminent authority on Japan, when he remarks, "all the forces of economics and all the persuasiveness of rational thought push in the opposite direction. But the human record for flouting reason and real interests is by no means comforting." □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

There is a widespread belief that art should have roots, that it is best nourished in local soil. Art in Italy is identified absolutely with cities, for example, Siena, Florence, Venice, Rome, but also Bologna, Ferrara and Perugia; each of these towns has a solid identifiable art style associated with it. To many people it seems logical that American art, too, should reveal a comparable geographical basis. Recently there have been identifiable Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles modes, respectively, forms of Expressionism, painterly representation and coloristic abstraction, but though vivid they were not of long duration. Historical factors as well as regional character seem to have been involved. Owing to a compound of higher education and information distribution by magazines from *Time* to *Artforum*, the basis for a regional style has been weakened. What there is instead is a complex fabric of national styles that stretches evenly from coast to coast. Local emphases occur, of course, but they shape art less than the common fund of information, shared by like groups across the country.

It is difficult to substantiate impressions of this sort. It happens however that in the past year I have seen half a dozen shows devoted to the painting, sculpture and graphics of particular localities. There were four in Virginia—at Alexandria, Lynchburg, Newport News and Roanoke, one in Hartford, Conn., and one in Cooperstown, N.Y. Only the last one did I attend casually, as a spectator; at the others I was acting as a juror, selecting for the shows and awarding prizes. It is not as a juror that I want to write here, but as a critic, in an effort to consider local art in relation to that of New York. New York, on which most critics base their work and standards, is of course the implicit target of calls for a new or revived regionalism.

All the shows were arranged by local art societies, groups devoted to the advancement of art in their communities. These organizations often run evening classes, either on their own premises or in rented or borrowed ones; they sponsor lectures and they organize local exhibitions open to artists of the city, the county or the state. They are supported by any combination of membership fees, state arts council grants, individual benefactors, and the entry fees for the annual exhibitions. Most of these exhibitions, which are thriving, exist in the absence of art criticism. They are usually covered at some length in the local newspapers, but in ways that as a rule are not far from social notes and gossip. Serious art critics, when they appear, might want to distance themselves from such events anyhow, if they see themselves as keepers of the flame.

In the capacity of juror, of course, one sees the complete send-in, often more than 800 works, from which a hundred or so get picked. The rejected as well as the accepted works are a part of my sample. Local variations are noticeable: at Newport News there was a strong group of artists making hanging sculptures of woven materials; at Alexandria printmaking seemed more developed than elsewhere. These factors are not manifestations of the *genius loci* but of social convergences; they are the outcome of chance associations of artists who happen to be in one place rather than another. I might remark that the artists of Newport News are not especially given to marine subjects, although it is a Navy town, and in Roanoke hardly anybody paints the Blue Ridge Mountains which encircle their high-up town.

In a typical annual art society exhibition the spectrum of styles runs from professional to amateur artists, from art students to old ladies. This range is more the result of ongoing education than it is of momentary fashion. It is a common belief that west of the Hudson, artists model themselves on what's "in" as covered by *Time* and *Artforum*, but this is true of only a few, very few, art schools. The notion places too high a value on the current interests of a handful of artists in the city. The fact is that art in America is made accessible to us at all ages, in theory and in practice, with discernible effects. Dada aesthetics propose an art made of anything, and assemblage is the art of sticking anything to anything else. Like them, spontaneous painting in school, according to self-expression theory, and automatic techniques derived from Surrealism make art an intimate, not an arcane, activity.

There is a persistent current of naive art which of course does not need the sanction of education. According to the tolerance of the jurors it will be well or scantily shown. These are the paintings of pets, cottages, sunsets, tree portraiture, storms at sea, done without formal training but inextinguishable, appearing wherever people have leisure. This kind of personal art is very engaging to me, but to those blinded by professionalism it is invisible. The bulk of the work in local exhibitions is not like this, however; it rests on an *educated* vision. It is the product of artists working outside the form of the urban centers but not in innocence.

Some time ago in *The Nation* I introduced the term "Lay art" to designate art which was the product neither of full-time professional artists nor of naifs. Some of the work in local art shows fits this category, pieces done with love and care but outside the urban-based distribution system. It includes Op art (quite frequent), Photo-Realism (rare), Abstract Expressionism (a scattering), painterly landscapes (numerous); the point is that local art is not different in kind from that of urban centers but equally varied in its options. It is noticeable that in three of the exhibitions that I saw, the women artists outnumbered male artists, which the officers of the societies assured me was not the rule in earlier years. Thus the social upheaval of the entrance of women into the arts is not confined to New York. Access to such exhibitions is not easy for critics, but they represent a dimension of work that has been too easily neglected. If the process of diffusion of art is to be understood, if the popularity of art in our culture is to be felt, local shows must be considered. Local art societies in fact give us a glimpse of the future as a post-industrial society, in which more leisure and more education is expected to increase the production of art beyond even its present abundance.

Every show had homages to Andrew Wyeth, especially at Cooperstown: that wiry line, bleak color and bare paper around fragmentary images is recurrent. Why? Probably because of Wyeth's facility at combining art and illustration, high craft and evocative Americana. This taste of course is not peculiar to local art societies. The forthcoming Wyeth show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a personal project of the director, will be as beguiling to New Yorkers as his imitators are beyond the Hudson. □

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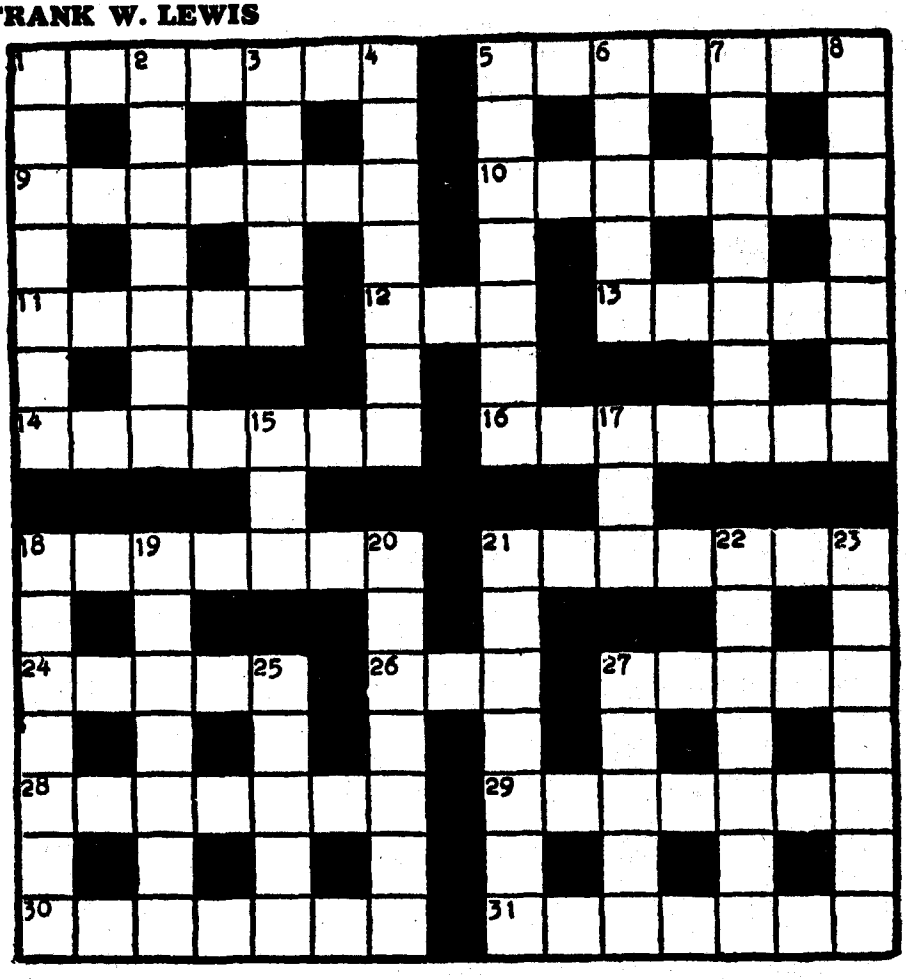

ACROSS

1 and 10 Story of a rescue operation which might redound to your credit. (7,7)
5 See 4 down
9 It comes from the islands of Langerhans. (7)
10 See 1 across
11 Retreats from an absence of approval? (5)
12 See 17 down
13 Such a popular gentleman is obviously big-hearted. (5)
14 The order is evidently slack at the end of vacation. (4,3)
16 Remnants around can prove standard signs.
18 Supply for the crossword *aficionado*, presented with some flourish. (7)
21 and 24 Where jumpers are perhaps worn after being pressed. (12)
26 See 17 down
27 Pertaining to an element of a crib. (5)
28 Poorly clued in, or at least put in. (7)
29 These should be of some assistance. (7)
30 What a movie Westerner sometimes doesn't like, and possibly resents. (7)
31 GI beds were sometimes short this. (7)

DOWN

1 and 18 down Future accounts probably made on speculation. (7,7)
2 Hardly a flowing description! (7)
3 They don't stand for anything! (5)
4 and 5 across What the scrutinizer of 1-10 hopes to make is important to the cyclist. (5,2,7)
5 You'll find a number in worse circumstances in pigskin. (7)
6 A close call might leave you numb, but it might indicate frequent stops. (5)
7 Non-charged as being possibly non-true. (7)
8 Likes to have the set seem of a different pattern. (7)
15 See 17 down
17, 12, 15, 22 and 26 After 24 hours, one can't find fault with it now! (3,3,2,1,7,3)
18 See 1 down
19 Sort of cane sun shades. (7)
20 Evidently the 22-26 of song wasn't this! (7)
21 They might be responsible for the cut of the grain. (7)
22 See 17 down
23 Typically objective in the finish, but all wrapped up meanwhile. (7)
25 Did the one that got away? (5)
27 You might say it's swell, but not uniformly.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1597

ACROSS: 1 Bath salts; 6 Stoic; 9 Enteric; 12 Trying; 13 Yegg; 15 and 10 Change of costume; 16 Bottom; 18 Resist; 20 Taxation; 23, 25 and 28 Blow hot and cold; 24 Mad dog; 29 Orotund; 30 and 11 Deerskin; 31 Lake Poets. DOWN: 1 Bleak; 2 Titania; 3 Strategist; 4 Lucky dog; 5 and 17 Second-hand book; 6 Sash; 7 Opulent; 8 Clergyman; 14 Vocal group; 15 Cardboard; 19 Spondee; 21 In-house; 22 Handel; 26 Tides; 27 Cows.

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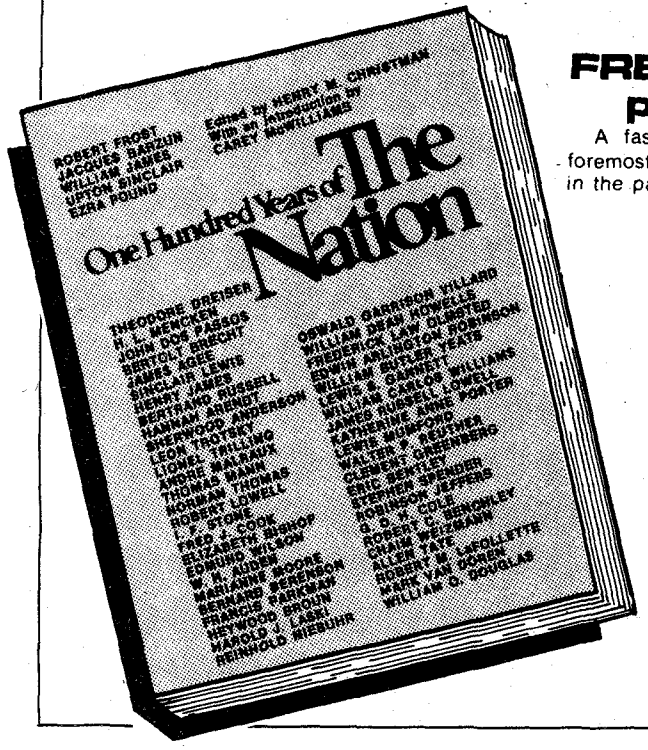

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